



N<sup>o</sup> ADAMS 234.3 v.3

[...9]


JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher but appears to contain several lines of writing.

B. 73.1.3







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D. v. Frankenthal sculp.

Here strip my Children! here at once leap in,  
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick & thin.

Dunciad Book II.



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING THE

DUNCIAD

IN FOUR BOOKS.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR.

MDCC LXIV.

x<sup>x</sup> ADAMS 234.3

v. 3

# C O N T E N T S

O F

## VOLUME THIRD.

<i>A</i> LETTER to the Publisher, occasioned by the First Edition of the DUNCIAD	iii
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS'S Prolegomena and Il- lustration of the DUNCIAD, with Hy- percritics of ARISTARCHUS	xvii—lxxi
Book I.	75
Book II.	127
Book III.	177
Book IV. of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS	216
APPENDIX	279
I. <i>A</i> Preface prefixed to the five first Im- perfect Editions of the DUNCIAD	ibid.
II. <i>A</i> list of books, papers, and verses, in which our Author was abused	285
III. Advertisement to the FIRST EDITION with Notes, 1729	292
IV. Advertisement to the first Edition of the FOURTH BOOK, when printed sepa- rately	294
V. Advertisement to the complete edition of 1743	295
VI. Advertisement printed in the Journal 1730	297
VII. <i>A</i> parallel of the Characters of Mr DRY- DEN and Mr POPE	298



THE  
DUNCIAD,  
IN  
FOUR BOOKS,  
WITH THE  
PROLEGOMENA of SCRIBLERUS,  
THE  
HYPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS,  
AND  
NOTES VARIORUM.

VOL. III.

B



A

## L E T T E R

T O T H E

P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the first correct

Edition of the D U N C I A D.

**I**T is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: A Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it; had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such *Notes* as have occurred to me I herewith send you: You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a Person, whose Friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the inclosed *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these Authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprized, if this or that scribler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem, which, would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to Personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his Friends. They had called Men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: And some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr POPE done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the *DUNCIAD*. What



has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his Country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by Authors *without names*; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same, who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open,

and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the Men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their Writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentlemen had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their Titles<sup>a</sup>, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the Names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the Meanness of offenders indemnified them

Which we have done in a List printed in the Appendix.

from punishment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of Mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Baily for lesser crimes than Defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there); but sure it can be none here: For who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the subject: He who describes Malice and Villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against Palenefs and Leannefs, but against Malice and Villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but Poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the Garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must Poverty make nonsense sacred? if so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the

good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself; when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate, he would be the most obliged

humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an Approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge, beside, "That his own have found too much success "with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a Justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed, because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the ho-

neft and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular intereft ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made fo, in complaifance to a few who are. Accordingly we find, that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever fo poor or ever fo dull, have been constantly the topics of the moft candid fatirifts, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greateft Poet and moft judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the refemblance betwixt him and our author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the diftinctions fhewn them by their Superiors, in the general efteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators perfons of the moft eminent rank and abilities in their refpective nations<sup>b</sup>. But the refemblance holds in nothing more, than in being equally abufed by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the leaft

<sup>b</sup> Essay on Criticifm in French verfe, by General Hamilton; the fame, in verfe alfo, by Monsieur Roboton, Counfellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verfe, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princefs of Conti, Paris 1728. And in Italian verfe by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his

memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his Poems, our author has only in this; I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle; of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons; for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or Success; he has lived with the Great, without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics, bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of

works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man by the Abbé Reynet, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

fashion<sup>c</sup>. A satire therefore on writers, so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their Friendships, he never espoused their Animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of Humanity, to see all along, that our Author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM*

<sup>c</sup> As Mr Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the Office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford in his last decline of life; Mr Secretary Craggs at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: Others only in Epitaphs.



OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS  
GRATIAM. I am

Your most humble Servant,

St James's

Dec. 22<sup>d</sup>, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND<sup>d</sup>.

<sup>d</sup> This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which having shewn himself for 20 years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of Fortune) he was suddenly displaced by the Minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of Universal Learning, and an enlarged Conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a sincerer attachment to the Constitution of his Country.



MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

PROLEGOMENA and ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

HYPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS.



## DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short profit* and a *transitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

## CHARACTER of Mr P. 1716.

THE *Persons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part *Authors*, and most of those *Authors*, *Poets*: And the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

## GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the *Postasters* of the town, and their factors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expose the *Pretenders* to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with *Ill-nature* for putting the Laws in execution against a Thief or Impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to scribbling pass on the World.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22. 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against *Failures* in *Genius*, or against the *Pretensions* of writing without *one*.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A *Satire* upon *Dulness* is a thing that has been *used* and *allowed* in *All Ages*.

*Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!*

# TESTIMONIES

OF

# AUTHORS

CONCERNING

Our POET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

**B**EFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits; as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of Variety, but also arrive at a

more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the Witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Person as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his Life, Parentage and Education: But as to these, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith <sup>a</sup>, he was educated at home; another <sup>b</sup>, that he was bred at St Omer's by Jesuits; a third <sup>c</sup>, not at St Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth <sup>d</sup>, that he had no university-education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One saith <sup>e</sup>, he was kept

<sup>a</sup> Giles Jacobs lives of Poets, vol. ii. in his life.

<sup>b</sup> Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Crit.

<sup>c</sup> Dunciad dissected, p. 4. <sup>d</sup> Guardian, N<sup>o</sup> 40. <sup>e</sup> Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.



by his father on purpose; a second <sup>f</sup>, that he was an itinerant priest; a third <sup>g</sup>, that he was a parson; one <sup>h</sup> calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another <sup>i</sup>, a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one <sup>k</sup> supposeth, like the Father of Hesiod a tradesman or merchant; another <sup>l</sup>, a husbandman; another <sup>m</sup>, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a Dæmon: For thus Mr Gildon <sup>n</sup>: “Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, “but the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing but “horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his “infernal Father.” Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themselves what Parents or education he had, or whether he had any Education or Parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho’ not less uncertain the judgments concerning them;

<sup>f</sup> Dunciad dissected, p. 4. <sup>g</sup> Farmer P. and his son. <sup>h</sup> Dunciad dissected. <sup>i</sup> Characters of the times, p. 45. <sup>k</sup> Female Dunciad, p. ult. <sup>l</sup> Dunciad dissected. <sup>m</sup> Roome, Paraphrase on the ivth of Genesis, printed 1729. <sup>n</sup> Character of Mr P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping 1716. p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; tho’ in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

beginning with his *ESSAY ON CRITICISM*, of which hear first the most ancient of Critics,

Mr JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.” And in another place: “ What rare *numbers* are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her *hobble so damnably*.”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical Historian

Mr OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the *Essay on Criticism* in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something *new* which is not in Dryden’s prefaces, dedications, and his *essay on drama-*

o Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called, *An Essay on Criticism*. Printed for Bernard Lintot, 8vo.

“tic poetry, not to mention the French critics, I  
 “ should be very glad to have the benefit of the disco-  
 “ very P.”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgement) by the  
 modest and simple-minded

Mr LEONARD WELSTED.

Who, out of great respect to our Poet, not naming  
 him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the  
 Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden,  
 and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth: “ As  
 “ to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in  
 “ verse and prose, that have been written by the mo-  
 “ derns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney the*  
 “ *same thoughts over again*, making them still more *trite*.  
 “ Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid  
 “ heap of *common place*. Horace has even in his Art of  
 “ Poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew  
 “ he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even  
 “ while he was writing one.”

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose  
 that of

Mr ADDISON.

“ r The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was pub-  
 “ lished some months since, is a master-piece in its

p Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author  
 of the Critical History of England.

q Preface to his Poems, p. 18. 53.

r Spectator, No 253.

“ kind. The observations follow one another, like  
 “ those in Horace’s Art of Poetry, without that me-  
 “ thodical regularity which would have been requisite  
 “ in a prose writer. They are some of them *uncommon*,  
 “ but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees  
 “ them explained with that ease and perspicuity in  
 “ which they are delivered. As for those which are  
 “ the *most known* and the *most receiv’d*, they are placed  
 “ in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt  
 “ allusions, that they have in them all the graces of  
 “ novelty; and make the reader, who was before ac-  
 “ quainted with them, still more convinced of their  
 “ truth and solidity. And here give me leave to men-  
 “ tion what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged up-  
 “ on in the preface to his works: That wit and fine  
 “ writing doth not consist so much in advancing things  
 “ that are new, as in giving things that are known an  
 “ agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in  
 “ the latter ages of the world, to make observations  
 “ in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which  
 “ have not been touched upon by others; we have  
 “ little else left us, but to represent the common sense of  
 “ mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more  
 “ uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace’s  
 “ Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it  
 “ which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which  
 “ were not commonly known by all the Poets of the  
 “ Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying  
 “ them, not his invention of them, is what we are  
 “ chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the same  
 “ kind of sublime, which he observes in the several

“ passages that occasioned them : I cannot but take  
 “ notice that our English author has after the same man-  
 “ ner exemplified several of the precepts in the very  
 “ precepts themselves.” He then produces some in-  
 stances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and  
 concludes with saying, that “ there are three poems  
 in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-  
 piece in its kind: The Essay on Translated Verse;  
 the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on  
 “ Criticism.”

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment of  
 the affirmative

Mr JOHN DENNIS,

“ s That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently  
 “ writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John  
 “ Denham : the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous,  
 “ is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous t.”

But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from  
 this opinion : Those who have seen these two excellent  
 “ poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the  
 “ one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr  
 “ Pope, will shew a great deal of candor if they ap-  
 “ prove of this.”

VOL. III.

E

s Letter to B. B. at the ends of the Remarks on Pope's H-  
 mer, 1717.

t Printed 1728, p. 12.

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, “ That because  
 “ Prior’s Henry and Emma charm’d the finest tastes,  
 “ our author writ his Eloise *in opposition to it*; but  
 “ forgot innocence and virtue: If you take away her  
 “ tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest  
 “ is of no value.” In which, methinks, his judgment  
 resembleth that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames. “ All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing.’

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma* <sup>u</sup>,  
 O *Abelard!* ill fated youth,  
 Thy tale will justify this truth:  
 But well I weet, thy cruel wrong  
 Adorns a nobler Poet’s song:  
 Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev’d,  
 With kind concern and skill has weav’d  
 A silken web: and ne’er shall fade  
 Its colours: gently has he laid  
 The mantle o’er thy sad distress,  
 And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

“ Come we now to his translation of the *ILIA D*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation<sup>w</sup>." That ready writer

Mr OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it <sup>x</sup>, "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the founding variety of the numbers: But when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone rais'd and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despair'd to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed, the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation, (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30. 1728.) where he says thus: "in order to sink in reputation, let him take into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as

<sup>w</sup> In his Essays, vol. 1. printed for E. Curl.

<sup>x</sup> Cenfor, vol. ii: n. 33.

“ it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to  
 “ do him into English, so his version denote his neglect  
 “ of the manner how.” Strange Variation! We are  
 told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

“ That this translation of the Iliad was not in all res-  
 “ pects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr  
 “ Addison; insomuch that he employed a *younger muse*  
 “ in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised  
 “ himself.” Whether Mr Addison did find it conform-  
 able to his taste or not, best appears from his own  
 testimony the year following its publication, in these  
 words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

“ When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I  
 “ am in a particular manner pleased with the labours  
 “ of those who have improved our language with the  
 “ translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We  
 “ have already most of their Historians in our own  
 “ tongue, and what is more for the honour of our lan-  
 “ guage, it has been taught to express with elegance  
 “ the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illi-  
 “ terate among our own countrymen may learn to  
 “ judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect Epic  
 “ performance. And those parts of Homer which have  
 “ been published already by Mr Pope, give us reason  
 “ to think that the Iliad will appear in English with  
 “ as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.”



As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this *younger muse* was an *elder*: Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before*.<sup>y</sup> Contrariwise, that Mr Addison engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the *Iliad*, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2. 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage: “ Let him  
“ (quoth one, whom I take to be,

Mr THEOBALD, *Mist's Journal*, June 8. 1728.

“ publish such an author as he has least studied, and  
“ forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor.  
“ In this project let him lend the bookseller his name  
“ (for a competent sum of money) to promote the  
“ credit of an exorbitant subscription.” Gentle reader,  
be pleased to cast thine eye on the *Proposal* below  
quoted, and on what follows (some months after the  
former assertion) in the *same of Journalist* of June 8.  
“ The bookseller proposed the book by subscription,  
“ and raised some thousands of pounds for the same:  
“ I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits  
“ of this extravagant subscription.

<sup>y</sup>Vid. pref. to Mr Tickel's translation of the first book of the  
*Iliad*, quarto.

“ After the Iliad, he undertook (faith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.)

“ the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having  
 “ secured the success by a numerous subscription, he  
 “ employed some *underlings* to perform what, accord-  
 “ ing to his proposals, should come from his own  
 “ hands.” To which heavy charge we can in truth  
 oppose nothing but the words of

MR POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10. 1724.)

“ I take this occasion to declare, that the subscription  
 “ for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr Tonson: And  
 “ that the benefit of *this Proposal* is not solely for my  
 “ own use, but for that of *two of my friends*, who have  
 “ *assisted me in this work.*” But these very gentlemen  
 are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's  
 Journals, March 30. 1728, saying, “ That he would  
 “ not advise Mr Pope to try the experiment again of  
 “ getting a great part of a book done by assistants,  
 “ lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend  
 “ to the sublime, and retard the declension of the  
 “ whole.” Behold! these *Underlings* are become  
 good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as their term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would

testify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

“ Mr Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public.” Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of *The Dunciad* dissected reporteth; Mr Wycherley had before “ introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest Peers and brightest Wits then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser, the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! but if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr Addison procured to our author; let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis*

*amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lye; witness those persons of integrity, who, several years before Mr Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

“ z Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent: and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27. 1726-7, that “ These verses, which he had

z Daily Journal, March 18. 1728.

“ before given him leave to insert in it, would be  
 “ known for his, some copies being got abroad. He de-  
 “ fires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read  
 “ in his comedy to several, Mr P. would not deprive  
 “ it of them,” &c. Surely, if we add the testimo-  
 nies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to  
 whom the said verses were originally addressed, of  
 Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others, who knew them as our  
 author’s, long before the said gentleman composed his  
 play; it is hoped, the ingenuous, that affect not error,  
 will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honour-  
 able personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no  
 less than his enmity both to Church and State, which  
 could come from no other informer than the said

Mr JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

“ a The Memoirs of a Parish clerk was a very dull  
 “ and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence  
 “ of our Religion and Constitution, and who has been  
 “ dead many years.” This seemeth also most untrue;  
 it being known to divers that these Memoirs were  
 written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxford-  
 shire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet’s)  
 death, and many years before the appearance of that  
 history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse.  
 Most true it is, that Mr Moore had such a design, and

was himself the man who prest Dr Arbuthnot and Mr Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr Moore to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble Person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mention'd them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

“<sup>b</sup> And yet so wond’rous, so sublime a thing,  
 “ As the great Iliad scarce could make me sing,  
 “ Unless I justly could at once commend  
 “ A *good companion*, and as *firm a friend*;  
 “ One *moral*, or a mere *well-natur’d deed*,  
 “ Can all desert in sciences exceed.”

So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

“<sup>c</sup> Say, wond’rous youth, what column wilt thou  
 “ chuse,  
 “ What laurel’d arch, for thy triumphant Muse?  
 “ Tho’ each great ancient court thee to his shrine,  
 “ Tho’ ev’ry laurel thro’ the dome be thine,  
 “ Go to the *good* and *just*, an awful train!  
 “ *Thy soul’s delight*.——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,  
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

“<sup>d</sup> O! ever worthy, ever crown’d with praise!  
 “ Blest in thy *life* and blest in all thy *lays*.  
 “ Add, that the Sisters ev’ry thought refine,  
 “ And ev’n thy *life*, be *faultless* as thy line.

<sup>b</sup> Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

<sup>c</sup> Poem prefixed to his works.

<sup>d</sup> In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.

“ Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,  
 “ Obscures the *virtue*, and defames the Muse.  
 “ A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign’d,  
 “ Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.”

The witty and moral satirist

Dr EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

“ e Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse’s  
 “ train,  
 “ Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain?

Mr MALLET,

In his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

“ Whose life, severely scan’d, transcends his lays:  
 “ For wit supreme, is but his second praise.”

Mr HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now, fir’d by Pope, and *Virtue*, leave the age,  
 “ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,  
 “ And trace the author thro’ his moral page,  
 “ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

e Universal Passion, sat. 1.



Mr THOMSON,

In his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

“ Altho’ not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
“ Yet is his *life* the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

Mr WILLIAM BROOME.

“ f Thus, nobly rising in fair *Virtue’s* cause,  
“ From thy own *life* transcribe th’ *unerring laws.*”

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St Patrick’s:

“ A Soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,  
“ By Patriots, Priests, and Poets taught.  
“ Whose filial piety excels  
“ Whatever Grecian story tells.  
“ A genius for each bus’ness fit,  
“ Whose meanest talent is his Wit, &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: First a-

f In his Poems, and at the end of the *Odyssy*.

gain commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: “A little affected hypocrite, who has  
 “nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship,  
 “good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so  
 “great a lover of falshood, that, whenever he has a  
 “mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he brands  
 “them with some defect which is just *contrary to some*  
 “*good quality*, for which all their *friends and their ac-*  
 “*quaintance* commend them. He seems to have a  
 “particular pique to *People of Quality*, and authors  
 “of that rank.—He must derive his religion from St  
 “Omer’s.”—But in the Character of Mr P. and his  
 writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith,  
 “Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet  
 “he *laughs at it;*” but that “nevertheless, he is a *vi-*  
 “*ruent Papist;* and yet a *Pillar* for the *Church of*  
 “*England.*”

Of both which opinions

Mr LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist’s Journal of June  
 22. 1718, That, if he is not shrewdly abused, “he  
 “made it his practice to cackle to both *parties* in their  
 “own sentiments.” But, as to his *pique* against *Peo-*  
 “*ple of Quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree,  
 but saith, (May 8. 1728.) “He had, by some means

“ or other, the *acquaintance* and *friendship* of the  
 “ *whole body of our nobility.*”

However contradictory this may appear, Mr Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, “ That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of *g* Guardians and Examiners; an Assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of Kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour.” So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast*<sup>h</sup>. Another protests that he does not know *what may happen*; advises him to *insure his person*; says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life*<sup>i</sup>. One desires he would *cut his own throat*; or *hang himself*<sup>k</sup>. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the Government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution<sup>l</sup>. Mr Dennis himself hath written to a *Minister*

<sup>g</sup> The Names of two weekly Papers.

<sup>h</sup> Theobald, Letter in Mist's journal, June 22. 1728.

<sup>i</sup> Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.      <sup>k</sup> Gulliveriana  
 p. 332.      <sup>l</sup> Anno 1723.

that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom* <sup>m</sup>; and assureth the public, that he is an *open and mortal enemy to his country*; a monster, that *will one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meets* <sup>n</sup>. Another gives information of *Treason* discovered in his poem <sup>o</sup>. Mr Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings and Princesses* <sup>p</sup>. And one Mathew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as Members of the Dunciad <sup>q</sup>!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest Enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

Mr THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, “ He has so great an *esteem* for Mr Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his “ *genius and excellencies*; that, notwithstanding he

<sup>m</sup> Anno 1729.

<sup>n</sup> Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

<sup>o</sup> Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

<sup>p</sup> Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

<sup>q</sup> A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

“ professes a *veneration almost rising to Idolatry* for the  
 “ writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very  
 “ loth even to do *him* justice, at the expence of that  
 “ *other gentleman's* character †.”

## MR CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, “ That Mr Pope  
 “ would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles  
 “ by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of  
 “ Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness  
 “ in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And  
 “ this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in  
 “ the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly  
 “ and naturally written upon Love s.” He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

## MR OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue ; declares “ the  
 “ purity and perfection of the English language to be  
 “ found in his Homer; and saying there are more  
 “ good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other  
 “ work, except this of our author only †.”

VOL. III.

G

r Introduction to his Shakespear restored, in quarto, p. 3.

s Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo,

1721, p 97, 98.

† In his prose Essay on Criticism.

The Author of a Letter to Mr CIBBER

says, “ a Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his  
 “ predecessor Mr Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr  
 “ Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is equal*  
 “ to any body’s. And, that he *had* all the merit,  
 “ that a man can have that way.” And

Mr THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author’s Homer, crieth out,

“ But in his other works what beauties shine!  
 “ While sweetest Music dwells in ev’ry line.  
 “ These he admir’d, on these he stamp’d his praise,  
 “ And bade them live to brighten future days w.”

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell\*,  
 in that Poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr Pope,  
 confesseth,

“ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show  
 “ (Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)  
 “ That we should fame to these mere vocals give;  
 “ Pope more than we can offer should receive:  
 “ For when some gliding river is his theme,  
 “ His lines run smoother than the smoothest  
 “ stream,” &c.

\* Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

† Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

‡ Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duo-  
 Decimo 1728.

## MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it; nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. *In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similies, wonderfully short and thick sown.*"

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

## MR COLLEY CIBBER.

who "grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him: Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion." Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but *himself*; as the great Mr Dennis did before him.

The said

## MR DENNIS and MR GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited by Cibber's Letter to Mr Pope, p. 9. 12.

Character, p. 5.) do in concert <sup>z</sup> confess, "That some-  
 " men of *good understanding* value him for his rhymes."  
 " And (p. 17.) "That he has got, like Mr Bays  
 " in the Rehearſal, (that is, like Mr Dryden) a no-  
 " table knack at rhyming, and writing smooth  
 " verſe."

<sup>z in concert</sup>] Hear how Mr Dennis hath proved our miſtake  
 in this place. "As to my writing in *concert* with Mr Gildon  
 " I declare upon the honour and word of a Gentleman, that  
 " I never wrote ſo much as on line in *concert* with any one  
 " man whatſoever. And theſe two Letters from Gildon will  
 " plainly ſhew, that we are not writers in *concert* with each  
 " other.

° Sir,

° —The height of my Ambition is to pleaſe men of the  
 ° beſt Judgment; and finding that I have entertained my  
 ° Maſter agreeably, I have the extent of the Reward of my  
 ° Labour.'

° Sir,

° I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent  
 ° pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely ſatiſfied and plea-  
 ° ſed with it, and hope you will meet with that encourage-  
 ° ment your admirable performance deſerves,' &c. CH. GIL-  
 ° DON.

"Now is it not plain, that any one who ſends ſuch compli-  
 ° ments to another, has not been uſed to write in partnership  
 ° with him to whom he ſends them?" Dennis remarks on the  
 Dunc. p. 50. Mr Dennis is therefore welcome to take this  
 piece to himſelf.



Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

- “ Auspicious bard ! while all admire thy strain,  
 “ All but the selfish, ignorant. and vain,  
 “ I, whom no bribe to servile flatt’ry drew,  
 “ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :  
 “ Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,  
 “ Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear,” &c.

And

Mr LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote <sup>a</sup> to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay : “ I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surpris’d to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner,” &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate Enemies ; and to the success of them all they do unanimously

<sup>a</sup> In a Letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on criticism to this day of the Dunciad! “A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the *approbation* this Essay meets with<sup>b</sup>—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had *success* infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a *popular* scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him *reputation* <sup>c</sup>.—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon *one object*, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him, that the *People of England* had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a *malicious enemy*, and *slanderer*; or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne’s) *Ministry* was designed by fate to encourage *fools* <sup>d</sup>.”

b Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

c Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

d Rem. on Homer, p. 8. 9.

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any Place, Pension, or Gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription, for his Homer, of L. 200 from K. George I, and L. 100 from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's Success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr DENNIS <sup>e</sup> ascribes to him *two Farces*, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that *there is not one jest in them*: And an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us *it is much more execrable than all his works* <sup>f</sup>. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage Hater matched, and the Boarding School are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr P.'s, but Mr Gay's. Mr GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48 "That he was writing a *play* of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr Row's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr Andrew Tripe <sup>g</sup>;" which proved to be one Dr Wagstaff's. Mr THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the *Profound* is very dull, and that Mr Pope is the author of it." The writer of

<sup>e</sup> Ibid. p. 8.

<sup>f</sup> Character of Mr Pope, p. 7.

<sup>g</sup> Ibid. p. 6.

Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, “ the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver <sup>h</sup>.” [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in Mist of June 8, “ That his own *Plays* and *Farces* would better have adorned the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr Theobald; for he had “ neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy.” Which whether true or not, is not easy to judge; in as much as he hath attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend’s Play abused, was an infallible proof the Play was his own; the said Mr Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: “ Now let any man “ judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true “ mother of the child <sup>i</sup>?

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any Candour, since when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of Boldness and Madness to a Prodigy <sup>k</sup>: If he took

<sup>h</sup> Gulliv. p. 376.

<sup>i</sup> Cibber’s Letter to Mr P. p. 19.

<sup>k</sup> Burnet’s Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.

assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public<sup>1</sup>. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed: if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their Author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very Enemies would affirm, That his Capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination; that he was a perfect master of all Styles; and all Arguments; and that there was in those times no other Writer in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on

<sup>1</sup> The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the *Odyssy*.

nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

## MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

## OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasent; witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyss. x.* And accordingly Aristotie, in his *Poetic*, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the Hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity reordeth to have been *Dunce the first*; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and

so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first Epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssæy*.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of Epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Duncid*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: Whereby not only the Peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money,



by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the license of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished; the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either Calumny or Blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

<sup>a</sup> Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest Satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such Authors, namely, *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory* <sup>b</sup> (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. <sup>c</sup> He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce <sup>d</sup>: then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them <sup>e</sup>; and (above all) that *self-opinion* <sup>f</sup> which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly

<sup>a</sup> Vide Bossu, Du poeme Epique, chap. viii.

<sup>b</sup> Bossu, chap. vii.

<sup>c</sup> Book I. ver. 32, &c.

<sup>d</sup> Ver. 45. to 54.

<sup>e</sup> Ver. 57. 77.

<sup>f</sup> Ver. 80.

greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (where of as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some *one, great, and remarkable Action* g; and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen; *viz.* the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his Poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single Action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *Person* must next be fixed upon to support this Action. This *Phantom* in the Poet's mind must have a *Name* h: He finds it to be——; and he becomes of course the Hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the Proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole Power, Ministry, and Empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates

g Bossu, chap. vii. viii.

h Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Epifodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second the libellous Novelist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the Bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest: assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr Cibber calls them, “a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many “*silly flies*”<sup>i</sup>: but adds, our Author’s wit is remarkably “more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul “on *Cibber*, than upon any other Person whatever.”

The *Descriptions* are singular, the *Comparisons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chastity of *Diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no

<sup>i</sup> Cibber’s Letter to Mr P. pag. 9, 12. 41.

other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical Authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Ancients; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminishing the Imagination: which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For, at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared, the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poesy: Though since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred*<sup>k</sup>. True it is, that the talents for *Criticisim*, namely smartness,

<sup>k</sup> See his *Essays*.

quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper age: But it is far otherwise in *Poetry*; witness the works of Mr Rymer and Mr Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

## RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO of the POEM.

OF the Nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the *Person* of the *Hero* fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what Phantom of a Hero, only raised up to support the Fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and consequently, that the Poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a

real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *Hero*, and put upon such action as befitteeth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her Eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these *Suns* of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *Goose* and *Serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of Wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: "Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odire ex bonorum caritate descendit." Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the *little Epic*, (more

lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flagmatic) and for this some notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the Father of Epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek Dramatic-poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their *Tetralogy*, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a *Satiric Tragedy*. Happily one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us amongst the Tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal Contention of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed *Favourite of Minerva*; who, after having quietly born all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton. together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy*, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satiric* piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the *greater Epic* should be an *honest Man*? or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme*<sup>a</sup>. but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the Hero of the *little Epic* should be just the con-

<sup>a</sup> Si un Heros Poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poëme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.



trary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the *Moral* of that Poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) every Fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some Analogy, if not Resemblance of Qualities between the Heroes of the two Poems; and and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the *Parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are *Wisdom, Bravery, and Love*, from whence springeth *heroic Virtue*; it followeth, that those of the lesser Epic Hero, should be *Vanity, Impudence and Debauchery*, from which happy assemblage resulteth *Heroic Dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our Poem,

This being confessed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *Wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscientious rectitude of Will. And are the advantages of *Vanity*, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world (will such an one say) impute, to me what folly or weakness they please; but till *Wisdom* can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT <sup>b.</sup>" This, we see, is *Vanity* according to the *heroic* gage

b Ded. to the Life of C. C.

or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to *Virtues we have not*, but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those *Vices*, which every body knows *we have*. “The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them c.” In short, there is no sort of Vanity such a Hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, “whether it would not be *Vanity* in him, to take shame to himself for *not being a wise man* d?”

*Bravery*, the second attribute of the true Hero, is Courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent Virtue in the mock Hero, is, that same Courage all collected into the *Face*. And as Power when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only Men, but Gods. Mezentius is without doubt the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: But how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed “his *Summum bonum*” in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess but would likewise glory in,” adds, “*If I am misguided, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow HER* e.” Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of *Courage*, when we consider

c Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

d Life, *ibid*.

e Life, p. 23. octavo.

those illustrious marks of it, which made his FACE  
 “ more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the  
 “ kingdom,” and his *Language* to consist of what we  
 must allow to be the most *daring* Figure of Speech,  
 that which is taken from the *Name of God*.

*Gentle Love*, the next ingredient in the true Hero's  
 composition, is a meer bird of passage, or (as Shake-  
 spear calls it) *summer-teeming Lust*, and evaporates in  
 the heat of *Youth*; doubtless by that refinement it  
 suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which  
 our Poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let  
 alone to work upon the *Lees*, it acquireth strength by  
*Old age*; and becometh a lasting ornament to the  
 little Epic. It is true indeed, there is one objection to  
 its fitness for such an use: For not only the Ignorant  
 may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so, even by  
 Him who best knoweth its value. “ Don't you think  
 “ (argueth he) to say only *a man has his Whore* †,  
 “ ought to go for little or nothing? Because *defendit*  
 “ *numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet,  
 “ and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted  
 “ ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one  
 “ with another, had been guilty of the same frailty ‡.”  
 But here he seemeth not to have done justice to him-  
 self: The man is sure enough a Hero, who hath his  
 Lady at fourscore. How doth his Modesty herein les-

† Alluding to these lines in the Epist, to Dr Arbuthnot :

“ And has not Colly *fill* his Lord and Whore,  
 “ His Butchers Henly, his Free Masons Moore?

g Letter to Mr P. p. 46.

sen the merit of a *whole well-spent* Life: not taking to himself the commendation (which *Horace* accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *dregs*, the same he was from the beginning,

—————Servetur ad IMUM  
Qualis ab incepto procefferat.—————

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth she was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable Continnence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much Self-denial was exerted not to covet his Neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that Society; where (according to this Political Calculator) *nine* in *ten* of all ages have their *concupines*?

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent Qualities of either Hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these, that Heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively Qualities against one another. Thus, as from Wisdom, Bravery, and Love, ariseth *Magnanimity*, the object of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from Vanity, Impudence and Debauchery, springeth *Buffoonry*, the source of *Ridicule* that “laughing ornament,” as he well termeth it <sup>h</sup>, of the little Epic.

<sup>h</sup> Letter to Mr P p. 31.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this Character; who deemeth, that not *Reason* but *Risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. “As Nature (saith this profound Philosopher) distinguished our species from “the mute creation by our Risibility, her design MUST “have been by *that Faculty* as evidently to raise our “HAPPINESS, as by our *os sublime* (OUR ERECTED “FACES) to lift the dignity of our FORM above “them<sup>i</sup>.” All this considered, how complete a Hero must he be, as well as how happy a Man, whose Risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very *spirits*<sup>2</sup> and whose *Os sublime* is not simply an *erect face*, but a brazen head, as should seem by his preferring it to one of Iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden<sup>k</sup>?

But whatever personal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant *assistance of the Gods*: for the subversion and erection of Empires have never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour of the GREAT: who being the natural patrons and supporters of *Letters*, as the ancient Gods were of *Troy*, must first be drawn off and engaged in

<sup>i</sup> Life, p. 23, 24.<sup>k</sup> Letter, p. 8.

another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed Favourite and Intimado of the Great. And look, of what force ancient Piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern Incense to engage the Great in the party of Dulness.

Thus we have essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and centre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what *Sham-Hero* or *Phantom*: But it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic Acts: And when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,

(though *Laureat* imply no more than *one crowned with laurel*, as becometh any Associate or Consort in Empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there repre-

sented as *fast asleep*; so misbecoming the eye of empire, which, like that of providence, should never doze nor slumber. “Hah! (saith he) fast asleep, it seems! “that’s a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you “might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any “fool!” However, the injured Hero may comfort himself with this reflexion, that tho’ it be a *sleep*, yet it is not the *sleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will <sup>m</sup> *live* at least, tho’ not *awake*; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted Warrior before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by *Merlin* the *British Bard* and *Necromancer*: and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our Hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several *persons of quality*, only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and shuffle the cards* <sup>n</sup>.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of Religion or Government, can escape the sting of Envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our Hero’s title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an Hero for the *Iliad* or *Æneis*, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or *Æneas* pious enough to raise another, had they not been Goddess-born and Princes bred. What then did this Author mean, by erecting a Player instead of

<sup>l</sup> Letter, p. 53.    <sup>m</sup> Letter, p. 1.    <sup>n</sup> *Don Quixote*, Part ii Book ii. ch 22.

one of his Patrons, (a person “ never a hero even on “ the stage o”) to this dignity of Colleague in the empire of Dulness, and Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ: that every man is the Smith of his own fortune.* The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still farther, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to *believe himself a Hero* to be one of the worthiest. “ Let “ him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to atchieve “ them.” From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our Hero’s prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself: at one time to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of SWEDEN, for the excess and delicacy of his Ambition <sup>p</sup>; to HENRY the IVth of FRANCE, for honest Policy <sup>q</sup>; to the first BRUTUS, for love of Liberty <sup>r</sup>; and to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good Government while in power <sup>s</sup>: At another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for diversions and amusements <sup>t</sup>; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant Vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired <sup>u</sup>; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for Law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence <sup>w</sup>; and, to say all in a

o See Life, p 148. p Life, p. 149. q P. 424.

r Life, P. 366. s P. 457. t P. 18. u P. 425. w P. 436, 437.



in a word, to the right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himself in the art of writing *pastoral Letters*<sup>x</sup>.

Nor did his *Actions* fall short of the sublimity of his Conceit. In his early youth he *met the Revolution* y face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with *following* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal Odes. But he shone in Courts as well as Camps: He was *called up* when *the nation fell in labour* of this *Revolution* z; and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the ladies <sup>a</sup>.

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen God or Goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a *Maker* of both <sup>b</sup>. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a Hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: For, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power *to be thought no body's son at all* <sup>c</sup>: And what is that but coming into the world a Hero?

But be it (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poesy so requiring) that a Hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had, even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our Hero's Pedigree from a Goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical

x P. 52.

y P. 47.

P. 57.

a P. 58, 59.

b A Statuary.

c Life. p. 6.

and authentic fashion : For, like as the ancient Sages found a Son of Mars in a mighty warrior ; a Son of Neptune in a skilful Seaman ; a Son of Phœbus in a harmonious Poet ; so have we here, if need be, a Son of FORTUNE in an artful *Gamester*. And who fitter than the offspring of *Chance*, to assist in restoring the Empire of *Night* and *Chaos* ?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, “ That this Hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solomon said well,

———ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funerâ debet ;

“ if no man can be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a Hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour.” But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from *himself*; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that *he will never change or amend*.

With regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. “ Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in Vanity ; a pleasure which neither the pertness of Wit, nor the gravity of Wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with<sup>d</sup>.” Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it : But he telleth us plainly, “ My superiors perhaps may be mended by him ; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my Follies

“ as the best part of my Fortune e.” And with good reason : We see to what they have brought him.

Secondly, as to *Buffoonry*, “ Is it (saith he) a time  
“ of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up  
“ a new character? I can no more put off my Follies  
“ than my Skin; I have often tried, but they stick too  
“ close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeas’d  
“ with them, for in this light I afford them frequent  
“ matter of mirth, &c. &c f.” Having then so publicly declared himself *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the *law Epapæian*) and devolveth upon the Poet as his property: who may take him, and deal with him, as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, *embowel* and *embalm him for posterity*.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT g.

Tandem Phœbus adest morsusque inferre parantem  
Congelat; et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus. h

e P 19. f P. 17.

g Ibid. p. 243. octavo edit.  
biting at Orpheus’s head.

h OVID, of the serpent





## By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licensor, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.



T H E

D U N C I A D :

T O

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

B O O K. the F I R S T.

A R G U M E N T.

*THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription.  
Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness,  
and cause of the continuance thereof The College of  
the Goddess in the City, with her private Academy  
for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the  
four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem hastes into  
the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening  
of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession  
of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She*

*fixes her eye on Bays to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Successor.*







J. v. Frankenthal sculp.

Her ample Presence fills up all the Space.  
A Veil of Fogs dilates her an' full Face.  
Dunciad Book I.

## B O O K I.

**T**HE Mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings  
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,

VER. I. *The mighty mother, &c.* in the first Edit. it was thus,  
Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings  
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.  
Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire  
These wond'rous works (so Jove and Fate require)  
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,  
Still——

## I M I T A T I O N S

*Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire  
These wond'rous works.*

—*Dii cœptis (nam vos mutastis et illas.) Ovid. Met. 1.*

## R E M A R K S.

The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may be well disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of *Shakespeare*, constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter *e*, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee*'s (as *Shakspear*, which is utterly unpardonable. “Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an Atchievement that brings honour to the Critic who advances it; and Dr Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon. THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate Antiquary, an *Autograph* of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that those most Critical Carators of his

I sing. Say you, her Instruments the Great !  
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate :

## R E M A R K S.

Monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Egyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same Monument the first Specimen of an *Edition* of an author in *Marble* ; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two Words and a whole Verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper ; as for the future, our learned Sister University (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *Total new Shakespear*, at the Clarendon press. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic also has omitted one circumstance ; which is, that the Inscription with the Name of Shakspeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand ; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakspeare hath great reason to point at.

ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *E*, as any Grammarian living, and the same affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author ; yet it cannot induce me to agree with those who add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunciade* ; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *e*'s wrong. Yet upon the whole, I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all ; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not superior to Reason.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr Thomas Hearne ; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin *sic MS*. In like manner, we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it *oliter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBL.

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelve ; another at Dublin, and another at London in Octavo ; and three others in twelves, the same year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto ;

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5  
Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first;

## REMARKS.

which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Posterity, that this Poem was presented to King George the second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728—9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from a former Editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the Man

——— who brings

The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *Apostrophe* to the *Great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion, or caressed by the *Great*; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true *Hero*; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar Delight* and *Chosen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the *earnest Desire of Persons of Quality*.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *Son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could justly be said of him

Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first. BENTL.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr Dryden, not in Mac-Fleckno. (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr Congreve,

And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.

Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,  
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

## REMARKS.

VER. 1. *The mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.*] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal Agent of this Poem: The latter of them is only chosen as her Colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great Expedition) the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the Restoration of the Empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

*Ibid.*—*her Son who brings, &c.*] Wonderful is the Stupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefixed to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *the Man who brings, &c.* not of the hero of the piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which though this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*, assuring him that *Virgil* there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*:

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris  
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit  
Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see *Æn.* ii. 513. from the altar of *Jupiter Herceus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the shore of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *lost on land*, is much at one with saying *he walks at sea*: *Risum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be *vexatus*. SCRIBL.

VER. 2. *The Smithfield Muses*] *Smithfield* is the place where *Bartholomew Fair* was kept, whose shews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of *Covent-garden*, *Lincolns-inn-fields*, and the *Hay-market*, to be the reigning plea-

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,  
 E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head 10  
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,  
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night,  
 Fate in their dotage this fair Ideot gave,  
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,  
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15  
 She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS.

tures of the Court and Town. This happened in the Reigns of K. George I, and II. See Book iii.

VER. 4. *By Dulness, Jove, and fate :*] i. e. by their Judgments, their Interests, and their Inclinations.

VER. 7. *Say how the Goddess, &c.*] The Poet ventureth to sing the *Action* of the Goddess: but the *Passion* she impresseth on her illustrious Votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themselves. SCRIBL.

VER. 12. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a Scholiast, to meddle with it: But leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's* *Θεογονία*) was the progenitor of all the Gods. SCRIBL.

VER. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scribleius has omitted to advertise the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all Slowness of Apprehension, Shortness of Sight, or imperfect Sense of things. It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) Labour, Industry, and some degrees of Activity and Boldness: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy turvy the Understanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confused State of Mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the Reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key

Still her old Empire to restore she tries,  
 For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.  
 O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,  
 Dean, Drapier, Fickerstaff, or Gulliver!  
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,  
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,  
 Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,  
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;

-20

After VER. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,  
 Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *ironicè*, like the  
 23d Verse.

## REMARKS.

will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger  
 compass; or, (as one saith, on a like occasion)

Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder, rise.

Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies.

BENTL.

VER. 16. *She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.*] *The native Anarchy of the mind* is that state which precedes the time of Reason's assuming the rule of the Passions. But in that state, the uncontrolled violence of the Passions would soon bring things to confusion, were it not for the intervention of DULNESS in this absence of Reason; who though she cannot regulate them like Reason, yet blunts and deadens their Vigour; and, indeed, produces some of the good effects of it: Hence it is that *Dulness* has often the appearance of Reason. This is the only good she ever did; and the candid Poet is careful to tell it in the very introduction of his Poem. It is to be observed indeed, that this is spoken of the universal rule of Dulness in ancient days, but we may form an idea of it from her partial Government in latter times.

VER. 17. *Still her old Empire to restore*] This Restoration makes the Completion of the Poem. *Vide* Book iv.

VER. 23. *Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,*] *Ironicè*, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* Copper-coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.



From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires, 25  
 Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires.  
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread  
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,  
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

VER. 29. *Close to those walls, &c.*] In the former Edit. thus,  
 Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,  
 A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;  
 Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,  
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness;  
 Here in one bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,  
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tattering ensigns of Rag-fair,*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the *Tower of London*, where old cloaths and trippery are sold.

Var. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;* ———  
*Here in one Bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,*  
*The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.*]

Hear upon this place the fore-cited Critic on the *Dunciad*.  
 "These lines (saith he) have no construction, or are nonsense:  
 "The two shiv'ring Sisters must be the sifter-caves of Poverty  
 "and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry must  
 "be the same [*questionless, if they lie in one bed*] and the two Si-  
 "sters the Lord knows who." O the construction of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus: *Æn.* 1.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum:  
 Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;  
 Nympharum domus. — —

May we not say in like-manner: "The Nymphs must be the waters and the stones, or the waters and the stones must be the houses of the Nymphs?" *Insulse!* The second line, *Intus aquae, &c.* is a parenthesis (as are two lines of our Author. *Keen hollow Winds, &c.*) and it is the *Antrum*, and the yawning Ruin, in the line before that parenthesis, which are the *Domus* and the *Cave*.

Let me again, I beseech thee, Reader, present thee with another *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's scopulis pendentibus*: He is here describing a place, whither the weary Mariners of *Æneas* repaired to dress their dinner. — *Fessi— frugesque receptas & ter-*

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31  
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;  
 One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,  
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

*rere parant flammis*: What has *scopulis pendentibus* here to do? Indeed the *aqua dulces* and *sedilia* are something; *sweet waters* to drink, and *seats* to rest on: the other is surely an error of the Copyists. Restore it, without the least scruple, *Populis prandentibus*.

But for this and a thousand more, expect our *Virgil Restored*.  
 SCRIBL.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 26, *Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.*] *Ironice iterum*. The Politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other: Dr *Swift*, of course, was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

VER. 28 *To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets styled *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn: but in the Chemical language *Saturn* is Lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

VER. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand.*] Mr *Caius-Gabriel Cibber*, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist.

VER. 33. *One Cell there is.*] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly represented as a little *unindowed Hall* in the neighbourhood of the Magnific College of Bedlam; and as the surest Seminary to supply those learned walls with Professors. For there cannot be a plainer Symptom of Madness than for Men to chuse Poverty and Contempt; to starve themselves and offend the public by scribbling.

Escape in Monsters, and amaze the Town,  
 when they might have benefited themselves and others in profitable and honest employments. The *Qualities* and *Productions* of the Students of this private Academy are afterwards described in this first book; as are also their *Actions* throughout the

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess, 35  
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.  
 Hence Bards like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,  
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.

## REMARKS.

second; by which it appears, how near allied Dulness is to Madness. This naturally prepares us for the subject of the third book, where we find them in union, and acting in conjunction to produce the Catastrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical Sibyl leading our Hero through the Regions of Vision, to animate him in the present undertaking, by a view of the past triumphs of Barbarism over Science.

VER. 34 *Poverty and Poetry*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly-papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court to ballads in the streets) not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

VER. 37, 38. *Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,  
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.*]

Ovid has given us a very orderly account of these escapes,

Sunt, quibus in plures jus est transire figuras:

Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteus;

Nunc violentus aper; nunc, quem tegisse timerent,

Anguis eras; modo te faciebant cornua Taurum:

Sæpe Lapis poteras.

MET. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides give us any steady light into the mythology of this mysterious fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has so long exercised my pen, by *Proteus* must certainly be meant a hacknied Town-scribler; and by his Transformations, the various disguises such a one assumes, to elude the pursuit of his irreconcilable enemy, the Bailiff. And in this light, doubtless Horace understood the Fable, where, speaking of *Proteus*, he says,

Quum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,

Fiet aper, &c.

Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast  
 Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post; 40  
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,  
 Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES:

VER. 41. in the former lines,

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,

Hence the soft sing song on Cecilia's Day.

VER. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs composed to Music on St. Cecilia's Feast.

#### REMARKS.

Proteus is represented as one bred of the mud and slime of Egypt, the original soil of Arts and Letters: And what is a Town scribler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious Science? By the change then into a *Boar*, is meant his character of a *furious and dirty Party-writer*; the *Snake* signifies a *Libeller*; and the *Horns of the Bull*, the *Dilemma's* of a *Polemical Answerer*. These are the three great parts he assumes; and when he has completed his circle, he sinks back again, as the last change into a *Stone* denotes, into his natural state of immoveable Stupidity. Hence it is, that the Poet, where speaking at large of all these various Metamorphoses in the second Book, describes *Mother Osborne*, the great Antitype of our Proteus, in ver. 312 after all her changes, as at last quite *stupidified to Stone*. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this discovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent Critic of his share who discovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was designed *Sophistam, Magum, Politicum, præsertim rebus omnibus sese accommodantem* Which in English is, *A political Writer, a Libeller, and a Disputer, writing indifferently for or against every party in the State, every sect in Religion, and every character in private life*. See my *Fables of Ovid explained*.

ABBE BANIER.

VER. 40. *Curll's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post*:] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene Books; the latter usually adorned his Shop with titles in red letters.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence, &c.]*

--- --- Genus unde Latinum,

Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.

Virg. Æn. i.

Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,  
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone ; 45  
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne :

## REMARKS.

VER. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their Execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

VER. 42. *MAGAZINES:*] The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the Rabble. The eruption of every miserable Scribler; the dirty scum of every stagnant News-paper; the rags of worn-out Nonsense and Scandal, picked up from every Dunghill; under the title of *Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c.* equally the disgrace of human Wit, Morality, and Common Sense.

VER. 43. *Sepulchral Lies,*] Is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falshoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occasioned the following Epigram.

Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,  
So very much is said:  
One half will never be believ'd,  
The Other never read.

VER. 44. *New-year Odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-year's-day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The *New-year Odes* of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induc'd our Author to mention them here so particularly.

VER. 45. *In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone;*] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book iv. verse 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph,

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 45. *In clouded Majesty]*

----- the Moon

Rising in clouded Majesty-----

*Milton, Book iv.*

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears  
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :  
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake  
 Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake : 50  
 Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl :  
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,  
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,  
 And solid pudding against empty praise.  
 Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55  
 Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,

## R E M A R K S.

and is not so much supported by her own Virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

VER. 50. *Who hunger, and who thirst, &c.*] “This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shews, in Mr *Pope*, a de-  
 “light in prophaneness,” said *Curl* upon this place. But it is very familiar with *Shakespear* to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Text from holy Writ. In *All*'s well that ends well, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grays.* Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the brood gate and the great fire.* Matt. vii. 13. In *Much ado about nothing*, *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden.* Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocose scene.) In *Love*'s labour lost, he talks of *Samson*'s carrying the gates on his back; In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, of *Goliath* and the weaver's beam; and in *Henry IV.* *Falstaff*'s soldiers are compared to *Lazarus* and the prodigal son.

The first part of this note is Mr *CURLL*'s, the rest is Mr *THEOBALD*'s Appendix to *Shakespear Restored*, p. 144.

## I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 48. ———— that knows no fears

*Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:]*

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent. Hor.

VER. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,*  
*Where nameless Somethings, &c.]*

'Till genial Jacob or a warm Third day,  
 Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play :  
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,  
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,       60  
 Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,  
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.  
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,  
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes ;  
 There motley Images her fancy strike,       65  
 Figures ill-pair'd, and Similies unlike.

## R E M A R K S.

VER. 57. *genial Jacob,*] Tonson. The famous race of Book-sellers of that name.

VER. 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the Works of her Sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, " he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind. "*Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world " as many *Bulls* as his namesake Pope *Alexander*.—Let us take " the initial and final letters of his Name, *viz. A. P—E*, and " they give you the Idea of an *Ape—Pope* comes from the La-

## I M I T A T I O N.

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Book-sellers or the Players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, Cant. vi.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy  
 The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,  
 'Till the glad summons of a genial ray  
 Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

VER. 64. *And ductile Dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in Garth, Cant. i.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,  
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;  
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;  
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race; 70  
 How Time himself stands still at her command,  
 Realms shift their Place, and Ocean turns to land.  
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs,  
 Or gives to Zemblia fruits, to Barca flow'rs;  
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75  
 There painted vallies of eternal green,  
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,  
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.  
 All these, and more; the cloud-compelling Queen  
 Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene. 80

## REMARKS.

"tin word *Popa*, which signifies a little Wart; or from *poppy*-  
 "ma, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or ra-  
 "ther *Popysmata*, or *Popysms*." DENNIS on *Hom.* and *Daily*  
*Journal*, June II, 1728.

VER. 70. &c. *How Farce and Epic—How Time himself, &c.*] Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities* in the Plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant.

VER. 73. *Ægypt glads with show'rs,*] In the lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil—These six verses represent the Inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy Images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the *Guardian* N<sup>o</sup>. 40. parag. 6. See also *Eusden's* whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 79. *The cloud compelling Queen*] From *Homer's* Epithet of Jupiter, *νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς*.



She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,  
 With self-applause her wild creation views;  
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,  
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the Day, when \*\* rich and grave, 85  
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:  
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,  
 Glad Chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad  
 faces)

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,  
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more. 90

VER. 85. in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

#### REMARKS.

have given Examples of all those species of bad writing from these Authors, but that is already done in our Treatise of the *Bathos*.

VER. 83. *Sees momentary monsters rise and fall, And with her own fools colours gilds them all.*] i. e. Sets off unnatural conceptions in false and tumid expression.

VER. 85, 86. *'Twas on the Day, when \*\* rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd*] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem

BENTL.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land and partly by water.—Cimon the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians

VER. 88. *Glad Chains.*] The Ignorance of these Moderns! This was alter'd in one edition to *Gold Chains*, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay of figurative speech itself: *Latas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c.

SCRIBL.

VER. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry,

Now Mayors and Shrieves all huff'd and fatiate lay,  
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day ;  
 While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,  
 Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.  
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95  
 What City Swans once sung within the walls ;  
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,  
 And sure succession down from Haywood's days.  
 She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,  
 Each fire imprest and glaring in his son : 100  
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,  
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.  
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,  
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line ;

## REMARKS.

in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr Addison. Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,  
 Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry :  
 Yet run for ever by the Muses skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more* } Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants: But that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City poet ceased: so that, upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place

VER. 98. *John Haywood*, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 103. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel* } The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine :

a great mistake! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,  
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

106

## REMARKS.

of whom wrote Verses as well as Politics: as appears by the Poem *De jure divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other:

————— One lately did not fear  
(Without the Muses leave) to plant Verse here.  
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed hedge—  
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge:  
Written by *William Pryn Esquire, the*  
*Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three.*  
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for his high style  
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these Authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the Pillory.

VER. 104. *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden Poet laureate. Mr Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr Cook, in his *Battle of Poets*, saith of him,

Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,  
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr Oldmixon, in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all Ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." Farther he says of him, "That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the putting the Laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." Ibid p. 417. But the well known learning of that Noble Person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter:

In each she marks her image full exprest,  
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast ;

VER. 108. *But chief in Bays's, &c.*] In the former Edit. thus  
But chief, in Tibbald's monster breeding breast ;  
Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league engage,  
And earth and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.  
She ey'd the bard, where supperless he sat,  
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate ;  
Studious he sat, with all his books around,  
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.--

Var. *Tibbald.*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakespear Restored*. During two whole years, while Mr Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespear, he published Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by Letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had now knowledge, and against which he had publickly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer*. Probably that proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors prefixed to this work*.

R E M A R K S.

—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,  
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?  
Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim,  
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.

*Session of Poets.*

The same plea might also serve for his Successor, Mr Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram made on that occasion:

In merry old England it once was a rule,  
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool:  
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,  
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii *prope fin.*

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,  
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success.

110

## REMARKS.

Nahum Tait was Poet Laureate, a cold Writer, of no Invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr Dryden. In his second Part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

VER. 106. *And all the mighty Mad*] this is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr Norris in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, vol. iii. No—it is spoken of that *excellent and divine Madness*, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on Book ii. ver. 268.]

Ibid. *And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 32. calls Mr Dennis by the name of *Furius*. "The modern *Furius* is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this *poor man*" [*I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared*] "suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—*Poor Furius* [again] when any of his cotemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years, to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his *Heart*, but the sacrifice of his *Revenge*." &c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,  
 Remembring she herself was Pertness once.

## REMARKS.

“ shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad.—A book through which Folly and Ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence.” Reflect. on the *Essay on Criticism*, p. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. “ I regard him (saith he) as an *Enemy*, not so much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic *Madness of the times* have given him *Reputation*, and Reputation (as Hobbes says) is *Power*, and *that has made him dangerous*. Therefore I look on it as my duty to *King George*, whose faithful Subject I am; to my *Country*, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the *Laws*, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the *Liberty of my Country*, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my Duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the Lion's skin from this little Ass, which popular error has thrown round him; and to show that this Author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions.” DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2, 91, &c.

Besides these public spirited reasons, Mr D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92. appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr P. “ The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr Curll, my Bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his *Slander* and his *Poison*” Which last words of this book plainly discover Mr D.'s suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like manner as Mr Curll had been before him: of which fact see *A*

Now (shame to Fortune) an ill Run at Play  
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day :

## REMARKS.

*full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr D. was also concerned, price two pence, called A true character of Mr Pope and his writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering Poison to them:" and is called (p. 4:) "a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr Dennis only, but to all christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram.*

Should Dennis publish, you had stab'd your Brother,  
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;  
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?  
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:  
On one so poor you cannot take the law;  
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:  
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,  
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr John Dennis was the Son of a Sadler in London, born 1657. He paid court to Mr Dryden: and having obtained some correspondence with Mr Wycherley and Mr Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound Learning. That he is master of a great deal of Penetration and Judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays "more to get Reputation than Money." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

Swearing and supperless the Hero fate, 115  
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.

## REMARKS.

VER. 109. *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and forever!" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *Wit*, or for some *Profit* or *Lucre* to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr P. page 15. 40. 53. And to shew his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *Pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in Verse you foreclose,  
 I'll have the last word; for by G—, I'll write prose,  
 Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest,  
 For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.

VER. 112. *Remembering she herself was Pertness once.*] The Poet had told us, ver. 13. that this fair daughter of *Night* and *Chaos* was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when parents are most apt to spoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought strange therefore, that over-much caressing should make even *Dulness* herself *pert*, especially in her youth; though her own natural *Alacrity* was in sinking, or towards *Gravity*.

SCRIBL.

VER. 113. *shame to Fortune!*] Because she usually shews favour to persons of this Character, who have a threefold pretence to it.

VER. 115. *supperless the Hero fate,*] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's *Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of an Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity, to



Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,  
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!  
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,  
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120  
 Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,  
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play :

VER. 121. *Round him much Embryo, &c.*] In the former Edition thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,  
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay :  
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,  
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,  
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,  
 The page admires new beauties not its own.  
 Here swells the sheif, &c.

#### IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*

—round he throws his eyes,

*That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.*

Milt. B. 1.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation.

#### REMARKS.

which the greatest, not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or, what Bossu calls, *a disguised sentence*; that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poetry brings all into action; and to represent a Critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBL.

Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,  
 That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;  
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125  
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.  
 Next o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,  
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,  
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,  
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious Bug. 130  
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here  
 The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;  
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald sore,  
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

#### REMARKS.

But since the discovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of Money at dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the Poet consulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he *swore* all the time. BENTL.

VER. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

VER. 132. *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, it was a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment." Life, p. 217. Octavo

VER. 133. *hapless Shakespear, &c*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility; but when Mr Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be no thing but a joke" Letter to Mr P: p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any Errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five hundred Emendations, that *shall escape them all.*"

The rest on Out-side merit but presume, 135  
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;  
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,  
 Or their fond parents drest in red and gold;  
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,  
 And Quarles is fav'd by beauties not his own. 140  
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;  
 There stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

R E M A R K S.

VER. 134. *Wish'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the Players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Johnson honestly wish'd he had blotted a thousand: and Shakespear would certainly have wish'd the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which not the Actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this Poem) have made on the *Stage*, but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their *Editions*.

VER. 135. *The rest on Out-side merit, &c.*] This Library is divided into three parts: the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

VER. 141. *Ogilby the great*;] "John Ogilby was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large Volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter." WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 140. in the former Ed.

The page admires new beauties not its own.  
 Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma. Virg. Geor. ii.

Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,  
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:

A Gothic Library of Greece and Rome

145

Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome:

VER. 146. in the first Edit. it was.

Well purg'd and worthy W—y, W—s and Bl—  
And in the following alter'd to Withers, Quarles and Blome,  
on which was the following note.

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—ly, W—s,  
who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life  
of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric  
kind on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to  
its original.

“George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal a-  
gainst the vices of the times, and abused the greatest per-  
sonages in power, which brought upon him frequent Correction.  
The *Marshalsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers to him.”

WINSTANLY. Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest  
man. Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

#### REMARKS.

VER. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:*  
“The *Duchess of Newcastle* was one who busied herself in the  
“ravishing delights of Poetry; leaving to Posterity in print  
“three ample Volumes of her studious endeavours.” WINSTAN-  
LY, *ibid* Langbaine reckons up eight Folios of her Grace's;  
which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat  
of arms upon them.

VER. 146. *worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has  
mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are pa-  
rallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his Bro-  
ther Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead  
of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his  
poems on publick occasions, such as shows, Birth-days, &c. 2.  
Banks was his rival in Tragedy (tho' more successful) in one of  
his Tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Bo-  
levn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone.  
These he writ in a sort of *Beggars Velvet*, or a happy mixture of  
the thick *Fustian* and thin *Prose*; exactly imitated in *Perolla*  
and *Isidora*, *Cesar in Ægypt* and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome  
was a serving man of Ben Johnson, who once pick'd up a *Comedy*

But high above, more solid learning shone,  
 The Classics of an Age that heard of none ;  
 There Caxton slept with Wynkyn at his side,  
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ; 150  
 There, sav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,  
 Dry Bodies of Divinity appear :

## REMARKS.

from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible.

VER. 147. *more solid learning*] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books ; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *Dry bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his Father when he designed him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 200.

VER. 149. *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII ; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's *Æneis*, as a history ; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known, " Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl booke in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Æneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete and grete clerk Vyrgyle) whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein, How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, *Æneas* departed berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wife wyth moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed ; wythe all thy storye of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of ytaly, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes & wordes in frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playfant ne so well ordred ; whiche booke as me semed sholde be moch requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystoryes. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of *Enydos* wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especyally in ytaly and other places, which historye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre." *Tibbald*. quotes a

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,  
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 155  
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,  
Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:  
An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays  
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place  
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base: 160  
Quarto's, octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre:  
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!  
First in my care, and ever at my heart;  
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165  
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,

VER. 162. *A twisted, &c.*] in the former Ed.

And last, a little Ajax tips the Spire.

Var. *a little Ajax*] in *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles  
by Tibbald.

#### REMARKS.

rare passage from him in *Miss's Journal* of March 16. 1728, concerning a *strange and mervayllouse beast called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakespeare* to mean rather than *Teucer* the Archer celebrated by *Homer*.

VER. 153. *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

VER. 154. *Philemon Holland* Doctor in Physic. "He translated *so many books*, that a man would think he had done *nothing else*; infomuch that he might be called *Translator general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into English "are sufficient to make a *Country gentleman a compleat Library*."

WINSTANLY.

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.*] A te principium, tibi desinet. — Virg. Ecl. viii.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχάμεσθα, ἔ εἰς Δία λήγεις Μῦσαι,

Theoc.

Prima dicite mihi, summa dicende Camæna.

Hor.

E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,  
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :

O thou ! of Bus'ness the directing soul !

To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170

Which as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,

Obliquely wadling to the mark in view :

O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,

Still spread a healing mist before the mind !

And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175

Secure us kindly in our native night.

Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,

Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense ;

VER. 177. *Or, if to Wit, &c.*] In the former Ed.

Ah ! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,

Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land :

Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,

She does but shew her coward face and dies :

There thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains

Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains :

Here studious I unlucky moderns save,

Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,

Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,

And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.

For thee supplying, in the worst of days,

Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays ;

Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,

My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind ;

So gravest precepts may successless prove,

But sad examples never fail to move.

As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

#### REMARKS.

VER. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,  
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead ! 180

Var. *Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.]* As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove *Shakespear* guilty of terrible *Anachronisms*, or low *Conundrums*, which Time had cover'd; and conversant in such authors as *Caxton* and *Wynken*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He deserv'd to be whipt* An Insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before company, that *Shakespear was a Rascal*. *O tempora! O mores!* SCRIBL.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.]* For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in *Mist's Journal*, a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of *Shakespear*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself, as from others, without name Upon these somebody made this Epigram:

" 'Tis gen'rous Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,  
" To help us thus to read the works of others:  
" Never for this can just returns be shown;  
" For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;]* As to *Cook's Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him; And to *Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank: These were people who writ about the year 1726.

#### REMARKS.

of the *Fool in fashion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "What-ever contempt (says he) Philosophers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard and Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill made one. This perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See *Life*, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable Periwig usually made its



As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,  
 And pond'rous flugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;  
 As clocks to weight the nimble motion owe,  
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below:  
 Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire, 185  
 And were my Elasticity, and Fire.  
 Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)  
 And once betray'd me into common sense:  
 Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same:  
 This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190  
 Did on the stage my Pops appear confin'd?  
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.  
 Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove?  
 The brisk Example never fail'd to move.  
 Yet sure had Heav'n decreed to save the State, 195  
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.

VER. 195. *Yet sure, had Heav'n, &c.*] In the former Ed.  
 Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,  
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet state.  
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,  
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!  
 Could Troy be sav'd, &c.

## REMARKS.

entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen,  
 with infinite approbation of the audience.

VER. 178, 179 *Guard the sure barrier — Or quite unravel,*  
*&c.*] For *Wit* or *Reasoning* are never greatly hurtful to Dulness  
 but when the first is founded in *Truth* and the other in *Usefulness*.

## IMITATION.

VER. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed, etc.*  
 Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,  
 Has mihi servassent sedes. —

Virg. Æn. III.

Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,  
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.  
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,  
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200  
 Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,  
 This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God?  
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,  
 Teach Oaths to Gamsters, and to Nobles Wit?

## REMARKS.

VER. 198. —*grey goose weapon*] Alluding to the old English weapon the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

VER. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him.

VER. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When according to his Father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, 'till theirs were determined: But had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual *Odes*, Sermons and *Pastoral Letters*?" Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

VER. 203. *at White's amidst the Doctors*] These Doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing: but,

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose weapon*] —Si Pergama dextra

Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent. Virg. Æn. ii.

VER. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God.*] Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro.

Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace? 205

(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;

'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;

To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)

Shall I like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal, 209

O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?

Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,

And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?

#### REMARKS.

like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in *black and white*: They were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open.

SCRIBL.

This learned Critic is to be understood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false Dice*, a Cant phrase used among Gamsters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

VER. 208. *Ridpath—Mist.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig-paper, called the Flying-post; Nathanael Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

VER. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,*] Relates to the well known story of the geese that saved the Capitol; of which Virgil, *Æn.* viii.

*Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser*

*Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.*

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings*? *canebat*. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Eccl.* ix.

—*argutos interstrepere anser olores.*

Read it therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceeding this inform us,

*Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.*

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

—*Auritas fidibus canoris*

*Ducere quercus.*

And to say that *walls have ears*, is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBL.

Hold—to the Minister I more incline ;  
 To serve his cause, O Queen ! is serving thine.  
 And see ! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215  
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henly writes no more.  
 What then remains ? Ourself. Still, still remain  
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.  
 This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear ;  
 This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer : 220  
 This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights ;  
 This Mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's

VER. 213. *Hold—to the Minister—*] In the former Edition,  
 Yes to my Country I my pen consign,  
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist ! am thine.

#### REMARKS.

VER. 212. *And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories ?*] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all Ministerial writers whatsoever : “ That he defends the supreme powers, as the *Geese* by their *cackling* defended the Romans, who held the Capitol ; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their Enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they had been *possessed of the Capitol.*” Epist. Ded. to the Leviathan.

VER. 215 *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics.

VER. 218. *Cibberian forehead*] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great *Modesty*—*modest Cibber*—Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead*. This is perfectly classical, and what is more *Homeric* ; the *Dog* was the ancient, as the *Bitch* is the modern, symbol of Impudence : (*Κυνὸς ὀμμάτων ἔχων*, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated *Cerberus*, the *Dog with three heads*.—But as to the latter part of this verse, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading. BENTL.

Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my crown,  
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought ! 225  
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd ! (your father's fault)  
Go, purify'd by flames, ascend the sky,  
My better and more christian progeny !  
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets ;  
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230

VER. 225 *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former Edit.

Adieu, my Children! better thus expire  
Un stall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire,  
Fair without spot: then greas'd by grocers hands,  
Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,  
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to run,  
And visit Ale house, where ye first begun.  
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,  
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.—

#### IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit Ale-house*] Waller on the Navy,  
Those tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains may go,  
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

#### REMARKS.

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] This is a tender and passionate  
Apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, a-  
greeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting  
like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would  
otherwise be subject.

VER. 228. *My better and more christian progeny!*] "It may be  
observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific;

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 225. *unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

—Felix Priameia virgo!

Jussa mori: quæ fortius non petulit ullos,  
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ, &c.

Virg. Æn. iii.

Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,  
 Sent with a Pass, and vagrant thro' the land;  
 Not sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,  
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:  
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire;      235  
 Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your fire!  
 O! pass more innocent, in infant state,  
 To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:  
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest  
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal Rest!      240  
 Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,  
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.  
 With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)  
 Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face:

## REMARKS.

"that the one was seldom the mother of a Child, but in the  
 "same year the other made me the father of a Play. I think  
 "we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds  
 "some died in their *Infancy*," &c. Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

VER. 231-2. *gratis given Bland,—Sent with a Pass,*] It was a  
 practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets  
 (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them *Post-free* to  
 all the Towns in the kingdom.

VER. 233.—*with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,*] "Edward  
 "Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best  
 "known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years  
 "kept a public-house in the City, (but in a genteel way) and  
 "with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests  
 "a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church  
 "party." JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great num-  
 bers of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations—Ward,  
 in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a  
 great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the *City*,  
 but in *Moorfields*.

VER. 238, 240. *Tate—Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors in  
 the Laurel.

VER. 243. *With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!) &c.*  
 It is to be observed, that our Poet hath made his Hero, in imita-

And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand, 245  
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;  
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes :  
 The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.  
 The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,  
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns ; 250

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the former Edit.  
 Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,  
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,  
 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.  
 Then gush'd the Tears, as from the Trojan's eyes  
 When the last Blaze, &c.

Var. *Now flames old Memnon now Rodrigo burns,  
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.*]

*Memnon*, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

R E M A R K S.

tion of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender Passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not *make a good actor, he'd be damn'd*; "the surprise of being commended by one, who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so *positive a manner*, was more than he could support. In a word (says he) it almost took away my breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes." P. 149 of his Life, octavo.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the first Notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempt-

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,*] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,  
 Cœpta quater tenuit.

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;  
 King John in silence modestly expires:  
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,  
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,  
 And makes it scald my aged trunk——

*Rodrigo*, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother* (a play written between *Tibbald* and a Watch-maker.) The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the Farces of this Author, in which *Ceres* setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the Play-house.

Var. *And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire*] He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree; but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this Epigram,

“ Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky Dog!

“ Whom once a *Lobster* kill'd, and now a *Log*.

But this is a grievous error; for *Æschylus* was not slain by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise, *teste*, Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.

SCRIBL.

### REMARKS.

ed to dance on this Rope, and fall most shamefully, having produced no less than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines) the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

VER. 253-4. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] a Comedy threshed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and so much the Transla-

### IMITATIONS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c* ]

— Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,

Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet

Ucalegon——



Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes 255  
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulnets heav'd the head,  
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed.  
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,  
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

## REMARKS.

tor's favourite. that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the Government* :

Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,  
Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi. Boil.

He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleas'd out of his Royal bounty to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not *grieved* Mr. P."

VER 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virgil Æn. ii. where I would advise the Reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horse*; there having never been any such thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

—Uterumque armato milite complent. —  
Inclusos utero Danaos —

Can a horse be said *Utero gerere*? Again,  
—Uteroque recusso,

Insonuere cavæ—

—Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

Nay, is it not expressly said

Scandit fatalis machina muros

Fœta armis—

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horse*? And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin Goddess *Pallas* would employ herself in forming and fashioning the Male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our Virgil restored.

SCRIBL.

Her ample presence fills up all the place ;  
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face :  
 Great in her charms ! as when on Shrieves and May'rs  
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.  
 She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome : 265  
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.  
 So, Spirits ending their terrestrial race,  
 Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.  
 This the great Mother dearer held than all 269  
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall :

## R E M A R K S.

VER. 258. *Thule*] An unfinished Poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern Author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

VER. 265. *sacred Dome* :] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

VER. 269. *Great Mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs who were constantly inquiring *quid nunc*? what news?

## I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 263. *Great in her charms ! as when on Shrieves and May'rs  
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs,*]

Alma parens confessa Deam ; qualisque videri  
 Cœlicolis, et quanta solet — Virg. Æn. ii.

Et lætos oculis afflavit honores. Id. Æn. i.

VER. 269. *This the great Mother, &c.*]

Urbs antiqua fuit —

Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam

Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,  
And here she plan'd th' Imperial feat of Fools.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shews,  
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose :  
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,  
Now leave all memory of sense behind : 276  
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,  
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away :  
How index-learning turns no student pale,  
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail : 280  
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,  
Less human genius than God gives an ape,  
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,  
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd new piece,  
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,  
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

After ver. 268. in the former Ed. followed those two lines,  
Raptur'd he gazes round the dear retreat,  
And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

Var *And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.* ] Tibbald writ a poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very

## REMARKS.

VER. 286. *Tibbald.* ] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and Son to an Attorney, says Mr Jacob of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of some

## IMITATIONS.

Posthabita coluisse Samo : hic illius arma,  
Hic currus fuit : hic regnum Dea gentibus esse  
(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.

Virg. Æn. i.

The Goddess then o'er his anointed head,  
 With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed.  
 And lo! her bird, (a monster of a fowl,  
 Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl) 290  
 Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,  
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.

extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of di-  
 "stinguish'd merit may be *starved*, in order to celebrate her  
 "power, and describe her Cave." It was printed in octavo;  
 1715.

#### R E M A R K S.

forgotten plays, Translations and other pieces. He was con-  
 cerned in a paper called the Censor, and a Translation of Ovid.  
 "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from  
 "an under-spur leather to the law, is become an under-strapper  
 "to the Play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamor-  
 "phoses of Ovid by a vile Translation, &c." This fellow is  
 "concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor. DEN-  
 NIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

Ibid Ozell.] "Mr John Ozell (if we credit Mr Jacob) did  
 "go to school in Leicestershire, where *somebody* left him *some-*  
 "thing to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was  
 "designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood;  
 "but he chose rather to be placed in an *office of accounts*, in  
 "the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in *arithme-*  
 "tic, and writing the necessary *hands*. He has obliged the world  
 "with many translations of French Plays." JACOB, Lives of  
 Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr Jacob's character of Mr Ozell seems vastly short of his  
 merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having  
 since fully confuted all Sarcasms on his learning and genius, by  
 an advertisement of Sept 20. 1729, in a paper called the weekly  
 Medley, &c "As to my *learning*, this envious Wretch knew  
 "and every body knows, that the *whole Bench of Bishops*, not long  
 "ago, were pleased to give me a *purse of guineas*, for discovering  
 "the erroneous translations of the common-prayer in Portuguese,  
 "Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my *genius*, let Mr Cle-  
 "land shew better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version  
 "of Beileau's Lutrín, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased

Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise ;  
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days ;  
 Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest,      295  
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,  
 And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,  
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.  
 Thou, Cibber ! thou, his Laurel shalt support,  
 Folly, my Son, has still a Friend at Court.      300

VER. 293. *Know, Eusden, &c.*] In the former Ed.  
 Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,  
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,  
 Safe where no Critics damn, no duns molest,  
 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.  
 I see a King ! who leads my chosen sons  
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns :  
 Till each fam'd theatre my empire own ;  
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, blest my throne !  
 I see ! I see !—Then rapt she spoke no more,  
 God save King Tibbald ! Grubstreet alleys roar.  
 So when Jove's block, &c.

## REMARKS.

“ with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to  
 “ him, &c. Let him shew better and truer Poetry, in the Rape  
 “ of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*la Secchia ra-*  
 “ *pita.*) And Mr Toland and Mr Gildon publicly declared  
 “ Ozell's translation of Homer *to be*, as it was *prior*, so likewise  
 “ *superior* to Pope's—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve  
 “ well of his country !” JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as  
 those of the *Bench of Bishops*, Mr Toland, and Mr Gildon.

VER. 290. *A Heideggre.*] A strange bird from Switzerland,  
 and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent  
 person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius,  
*Arbiter Elegantiarum.*

VER. 296. *Withers,*] See on ver. 146.

*Ibid. Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels  
 of the last age, bred at St Omer's with the Jesuits : but renoun-  
 cing popery, he published Blount's books against the Divinity of

Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come !  
 Sound, found ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb !  
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine ;  
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.  
 And thou ! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305  
 Light arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.  
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,  
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear :  
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,  
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King. 310  
 O ! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,  
 And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne :

## REMARKS.

Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad Plays; abused Mr P, very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr Wycherly, printed by Curll: in another called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, intitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

VER. 297. *Howard,*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Waller, &c.

VER. 309. 310. *under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.*] When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.*]

———Quorum Imagines lambunt

Hederæ sequaces.

Perf.

VER. 311. *O! when shall rise a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant II.

Helas ! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,  
 Ou les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans : &c.

'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,  
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law ;  
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band, 315  
 And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land :  
 'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,  
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat :  
 God save king Cibber ! mounts in ev'ry note. 320  
 Familiar White's, God save king Colley ! cries ;  
 God save king Colley ! Drury-lane replies :  
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,  
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God ;  
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325  
 And Coll ! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

R E M A R K S.

as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a room appropriated to Gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed Gamesters in town.

*Greatest and justest SOV'REIGN ; know you this ?*

Alas ! no more, than *Thames'* calm head can know

Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.

Donne to Queen Eliz.

VER. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The Voices and Instruments used in the Service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

VER. 324. *But pious Needham*] A Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way ; whose constant prayer it was, that she might " get enough by her profession to leave it off in time and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy ;

So when Jove's block descended from on high  
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)  
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,  
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log!

## REMARKS.

For being convicted, and set in the Pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends and Votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

VER. 225. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed, before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of those times made this Epigram.

When Laureates make Odes, Do you ask of what sort?

Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?

You may judge—From the Devil they come to the Court,  
 And go from the Court to the Devil.

VER. 228 — *Ogilby*)— *God save king Log!*] See Ogilby's *Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author?

“ Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets: . . . What we call a *genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: And if it be never so great, he can at first discover it no other way than by that strong propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment, by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us and, in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances: For their particular friends may be either ignorant,



“ or un sincere ; and the rest of the world too well bred to shock  
“ them with a truth which generally their bookfellers are the first  
“ that inform them of.”

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people, may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram :

“ Ye little Wits, that gleam’d a while,  
“ When Pope vouch’d a ray,  
“ Alas, depriv’d of his kind smile,  
“ How soon ye fade away !

“ To compass Phœbus’ car about,  
“ Thus empty vapours rise ;  
“ Each lends his cloud, to put him out,  
“ That rear’d him to the skies.

“ Alas ! those skies are not your sphere ;  
“ There he shall ever burn :  
“ Weep, weep, and fall ! for Earth ye were,  
“ And must to Earth return.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.



T H E

D U N C I A D:

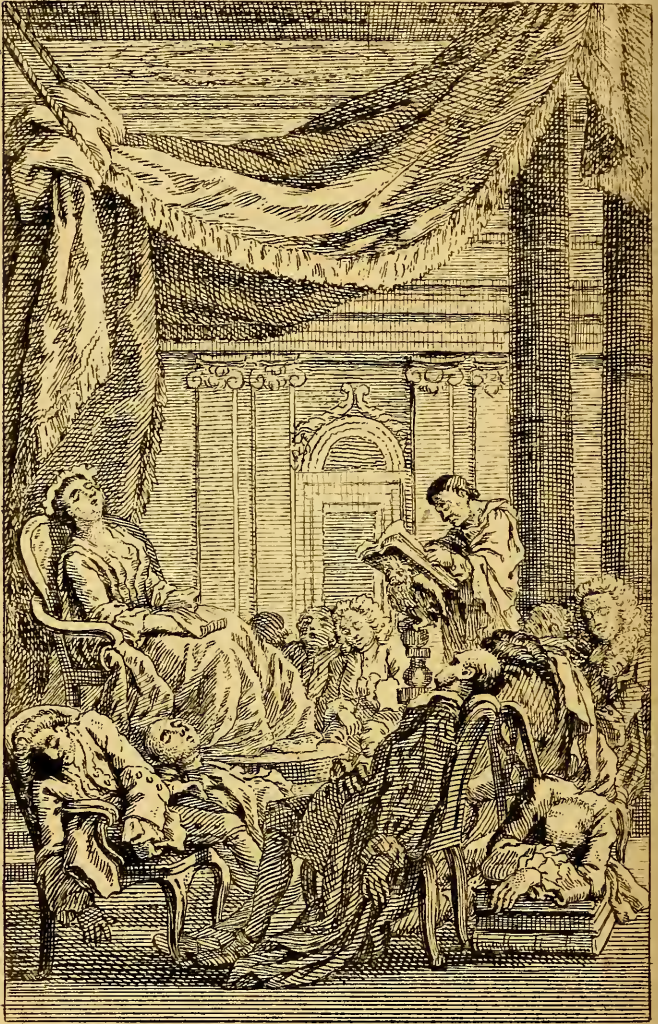
BOOK the SECOND.

'A R G U M E N T.

*The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next the game for a Poetess. Then follow the Exercises for the Poets of tickling, vociferating, diving:*

*The first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise not of their parts, but their patience in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of Spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.*





And now to this side, now to that they nod.  
As Verse or Prose infuse the drowsy God.  
*Parnassus, Book II.*

## B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone,  
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

## R E M A R K S.

TWO things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an Author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion; the second, that a Critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it*; and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,

And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound Commentators.

VER. 2. *Henley's gilt tub,*] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it is this extraordinary inscription, *The primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book iii.

## I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. I. *High on a gorgeous seat*] Parody of Milton. book ii.

High on a throne of royal state, that far

Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand

Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,

Satan exalted sat.—

Or that where on her Curis the public pours,  
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs,

## REMARKS.

VER. 2. *or Fleckno's Irish throne,*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne; — ἐπὶ θρόνῳ τινὸς ὑψηλῆ μαλα σοφιστικῶς ἔσοβαρῶς. Themistius, Orat. i.

VER. 3. *Or that where on her Curis the public pours,*] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false Assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe are pleased jocosely to call *mounting the Rostrum* for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." [*Curliad*, 12mo p. 19.] And of the *History of his being tost in a Blanket*, he saith, Here, "*Scriblerus!* thou leesteth in what thou assertest concerning the blanket; it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*." p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr *Cibber* remonstrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not *Brazen*, but *Blocks*; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well *our own errors* now, as formerly those of the *Printer*. Since what moved us to this Work, was solely the love of *Truth*, not in the least any Vain glory, or Desire to contend with *Great Authors*. And further, our Mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such Persons and Works as do ever shun the Light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our Antagonists: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the Parties offended: For surely in this Work, it hath been above all things our desire, *to provoke no Man*.

SCRIBL.



Great Cibber fate : the proud Panassian sneer, 5  
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,  
 Mix on his look : All eyes direct their rays  
 On him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.  
 His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,  
 New age their dulness, and new bronze their face. 10  
 So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns  
 Heav'ns twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their  
 horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,  
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,  
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15  
 Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims  
 By herald Hawkers high heroic Games.  
 They summon all her Race : An endless band  
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land 20

R E M A R K S.

VER. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a Buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy* \*. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Profluens.

\* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,  
 In silks, and crapes, in garters, and in rags,  
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,  
 On horse, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots:  
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25  
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,  
 Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,  
 But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)  
 A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,  
 (The field of glory is a field for all.)  
 Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;  
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.  
 A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35  
 And bad the nimblest racer seize the prize;  
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,  
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus Æn. x.

Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram  
 In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)  
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque  
 Divini affimilat capitis—

—Dat inania verba,

Dat sine mente ſonum—

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiarist: There seems to me a great propriety in this Episode, where such an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting Book-seller.

But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,  
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days. 40  
 All as a Partridge plump, full-fed and fair,  
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air ;  
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well it's head ;  
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;  
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45  
 But senseless, lifeless: idol void and vain !  
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,  
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;  
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,  
 A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

## REMARKS.

VER. 44. *A brain of feathers and a heart of lead ;*] i. e.  
*A trifling head, and a contracted heart,*

as the poet, book iv. describes the *accomplish'd Sons of Dulness*: of whom this is only an *Image*, or *Scarecrow*, and so stuff'd out with these corresponding materials. SCRIBL.

VER. 47. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*.) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

VER. 50. *and call'd the phantom More.*] CURL, in his key to the *Dunciad*, affirmed this to be James More Smith Esq; and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*), that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,*]

Vix illud lecti his sex——

Quælia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus. Vir. Æn. xii.

All gaze with ardour : Some a poet's name,  
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

## REMARKS.

was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected) do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, "See, gentlemen what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrow'd of Dr. *Arbuthnot* a paper called an Historico-physical account of the *South-Sea*; and of Mr *Pope* the Memoirs of a Parish Clark, which for two years he kept and read to the Rev. Dr *Young*,—*F. Billers*, Esq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding, by an endeavour to hide it; unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of April 3. 1728.) "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which, as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram:

- " More always smiles whenever he recites ;
- " He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
- " And yet in this no vanity is shown ;
- " A modest man may like what's not his own.

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr *Savage*, son of the late Earl *Rivers*; who having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr *Moore*, wherein Mr *Pope* was called *first of the tuneful train*, Mr *Moore* the next morning sent to Mr *Savage* to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, "That *Pope* might now be the *first*, because *Moore* had left him unrival'd in turning his stile to Comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work; the Town condemn'd it in the action, but he printed it in 1726 7, with this modest Motto,

*Hic castus, artemque repono.*

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :

“ This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;

“ With me began this genius, and shall end.” 55

He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,  
Stood dauntless Curl ; “ Behold that rival here !,

#### R E M A R K S.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr *Evans* : *Cosmelia*, by Mr *Pit*, Mr *Jones*, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr *W*. The Saw-pit a Simile by a *Friend*. Certain Physical works on Sir *James Baker* ; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the *Daily Journal*.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagin'd by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion ; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him ; since the name itself is not spelled *Moore*, but *More* ; and lastly, since the learned *Scriblerus* has so well proved the contrary.

VER. 50. *the phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from *μῶρος*, *stultus*, *μωρία*, *stultia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus *Erasmus*, *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus*. Dedication of *Moriæ Encomium* to Sir *Thomas More*, the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiarist, *Vale, More ! et moriam tuam graviter defende*. Adieu. *More !* and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

VER. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers : Persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr *Lintot* here imitates that of *Dares* in *Virgil*, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull*. This eminent Bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned

VER. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl* ;] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr *Edmund Curl*. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall

“ The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won ;

“ So take the hindmost Hell, (he said) and run.”

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,

61.

He left huge Lintot, and out-strip't the wind

#### REMARKS.

only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at ; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever ; he caused them to write what he pleased ; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among these ; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity : He speaks like the intrepid Diomed ; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles ; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus ; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the Gods* ; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard ; a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter : Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory ; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic : After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations : many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings : Witness innumerable instances ; but it shall suffice only to mention

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell,*]

Occupet extremum scabies ; mihi turpe relinqui est.

Hor. de Arte.

VER. 61. &c. Something like this is in Homer, Il. 10. ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following ; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the Critics well know) from

As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse  
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;  
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands and head, 65  
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,  
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,  
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.  
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 69  
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make :

## REMARKS.

the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: So true is the saying of Dr Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad man."

VER. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs T—, who procured some private letters of Mr Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr Cromwel, and sold them without the

## IMITATIONS.

*familiar life*; the second of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

VER. 64, 65 *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;  
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands and head,]*

—So eagerly the Fiend

O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' streight, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Milton, Book ii.

VER. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,  
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]*

Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

—rows

His state with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's—*With two left legs—*

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop  
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)  
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,  
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.  
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75  
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:  
 The first (if Poets aught of truth declare)  
 The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,  
 As much at least as any God's, or more; 80  
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,  
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pop's Arms.  
 A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,  
 Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.

## REMARKS.

consent of either of those Gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

VER. 75. *Obscene with filth, &c.*] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the

## IMITATIONS.

- VER. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl do slide ;]*  
 Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis  
 Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas—  
 Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.  
 Virg. Æn. v. of Nisus.
- VER. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard! ]*  
 —Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret. Virg. Ecl. vi.
- VER. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,]*  
 Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,  
 Cælestesque plagas — Ovid. Met. xii.



There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85  
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,  
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;  
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :  
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,  
 With reams abundant this abode supply ; 90  
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills  
 Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.

## REMARKS.

learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil ; the very words *ὄνθος*, and *simus*, are used by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this Episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr Dryden, in *Mac-Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention the *Morning Toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, *Pissing Alley*, *Relicks of the Bum*, &c but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his *Georgics*) *tosses about* his Dung with an air of Majesty. If we consider that the exercises of his Authors could with justice be no higher than tickling, chattering, braying, or diving, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *Booksellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are *Heroes* ; whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas ; besides the natural connection there is between Libellers and common Nufances. Nevertheless I have heard our Author own, that this part of his Poem was, as (it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleas'd him least : but that he hoped it was excusable, since levelled at such as understood no delicate satire : Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to swear, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenchcs.

VER. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.*]

The Bible, Curl's sign : the Cross keys, Lintot's.

VER. 83. See Lucian's *Icaro-Menippus* ; where this fiction is more extended.

VER. 92. Alludes to Homer, *Iliad*. v.

— ῥέε δ' ἀμειρολον αἶμα θεοῖο,

Ἰχάρ, οἶος πῆρ τε ῥέε μακάρεσσιν θεοῖσιν.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,  
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.  
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's prayer,  
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare ! 96  
 Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,  
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,  
 List'ning delighted to the jest unclean  
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene ; 100  
 Where, as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,  
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.  
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,  
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,  
 Vig'rous he rises ; from the effluvia strong 105  
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;  
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,  
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.  
 And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand  
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand ;

## REMARKS.

A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,  
 Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed. Milton.

VER. 93. *Cloacina,*] The Roman Goddess of the common-sewers.

VER. 101. *Where, as he fish'd, &c.*] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

VER. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are Ointments used by Witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face*]

——— faciam ostentabat, et udo

Turpia membra fimo——

Virg. Æn. v.

A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight, 111  
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.

To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care ;

His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air ;

Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, 115

And whisk 'm back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,

That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,

That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

Heav'n rings with laughter : of the laughter vain,

Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.

#### REMARKS.

VER. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See Note on ver. 50.

VER. 118. *an unpay'd taylor*] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney and others, as a most inhuman satire on the *poverty of Poets* : But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a Jury of *Taylor*s. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen ; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad *paymaster*, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment* ; which Mr Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that " if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 111. *A shapeless shade, &c.*]

—— Effugit imago

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno. Virg. *Æn.* vi.

VER. 114. *His papers light. fly diverse, tost in air ;*]

Carmina ——

Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choir,  
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;  
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought!  
 Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught. 126  
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,  
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:  
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,  
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130

## REMARKS.

VER. 124. *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—“Bond writ a satire against Mr P.—Capt. Breval was author of the confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr P. Mr Gay, Dr Arb. and some ladies of quality,” says CURL, Key, p. 11.

VER. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins]* Booksellers and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

VER. 126 *Breval, Bond, Bezaleel,*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; but the said Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay; is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to one who write a satire on our poet: But where is such a satire to be found; where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Bezaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

VER. 128. *Joseph Gay,* a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr Gay's.

To him the Goddess : Son thy grief lay down  
 And turn this whole illusion on the town :  
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,  
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd Jade ;  
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris  
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries ; 136  
 Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;  
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift :  
 So shall each hostile name become our own,  
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison. 140

## REMARKS.

VER. 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the town :*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

VER. 137.—*this magic gift ;*] In verity (saith *Scriblerus*) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy Brethren of Grubstreet be taught (as in many things they have already been) by the modern masters of Polemics? who when they make free with their neighbours, seize upon their *good works* rather than their *good name*: as knowing that those will produce a *name* of their own.

VER. 138. *Cook shall be Prior,*] The man here specified writ a thing called the *Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Welsted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British*, *London*, and *Daily Journals*; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr Pope, protesting his Innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

*Ibid. and Concanen, Swift :*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

VER. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr Barrow, Dr Atterbury, Mr Dryden, Mr Congreve, Dr Garth, Mr Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,  
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

## REMARKS.

be the author of the *Careless Husband*.) It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr Garth, both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in parts of *private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly, next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author.

- “ The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,  
“ (Tho’ neither birds of moral kind)  
“ Yet serve, if hang’d, or stuff’d with straw,  
“ To show us which way blows the wind.  
“ Thus dirty knaves, or chatt’ring fools,  
“ Strung up by dozens in thy lay,  
“ Teach more by half than Dennis’ rules,  
“ And point instruction ev’ry way.  
“ With Ægypt’s art thy pen may strive;  
“ One potent drop let this but shed,  
“ And ev’ry Rogue that stunk alive,  
“ Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 141, 142.—*piteous of his case,*  
*Yet smiling at his rueful length of face* ]  
———*Risit pater optimus illi.*  
*Me liceat casum misereri infontis amici.*  
*Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c.*

Virg. Æn. v.

A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread,  
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed ;

## R E M A R K S.

VER. 142. *rueful length of face*)] "The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *Genius*: An honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, tho' he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the *Dunciad* hath labelled a person for his *rueful length of face!*" *Mist's Journal*, June 8. This *Genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr Curl. True it is, he stood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr Dennis saith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this *Author* is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original—nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature have given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption, ventur'd to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," &c. DENNIS, *Character of Mr P. octavo 1716.*

Admirably it is observed by Mr Dennis against Mr Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portray'd? Yet I consider it really hurts not *him*; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr D. may call another a *little ass* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion* or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *scurra in triviis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned. But in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the *Dunciad*, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; where-

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture 145  
Display'd the fates her confessors endure,

## R E M A R K S.

by christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors,  
might be preserved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews  
his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentleman of  
the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that  
nature which provoked every honest man but Mr Pope ; yet never  
to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable  
Verses :

- “ While Malice, Pope, denies thy page  
“ Its own celestial fire ;  
“ While Critics, and while Bards in rage,  
“ Admiring, won't admire :
- “ While wayward pens thy worth assail,  
“ And envious tongues decry ;  
“ These times tho' many a Friend bewail,  
“ These times bewail not I.
- “ But when the World's loud praise is t' hine,  
“ And spleen no more shall blame.  
“ When with thy Homer thou shalt shine  
“ In one establish'd fame :
- “ When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay  
“ Devote a wreath to thee ;  
“ That day (for come it will) that day  
“ Shall I lament to see.

VER. 143. *A shaggy Tap'stry.*] A sorry kind of Tapestry  
frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff ;  
like that which is spoken of by Donne— *Faces as frightful as  
theirs who whip Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in  
it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.

VER. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed ;*] Of Codrus  
the poet's bet, see Juvenal, describing his *poverty* very copiously,  
*Sat.* iii. ver. 103, &c.

*Lectus erat Codro, &c.*

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,  
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out.



Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,  
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.  
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,  
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150  
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,  
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

## REMARKS.

His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd  
 Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd ;  
 And to support this noble plate, there lay  
 A bending Chiron cast from honest clay.  
 His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,  
 Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,  
 Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,  
 And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.  
 'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,  
 And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost. Dryden.

But Mr Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirized the Poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

VER. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the Observator: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England; upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

VER. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

VER. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge, on the body of Edmund Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows  
 Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?  
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, 155.  
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,  
 Two babes of love, close clinging to her waist;

## REMARKS.

VER. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd.*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work, being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CUREL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleas'd to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for Reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow creatures; that, though she should find the little

## IMITATIONS.

*Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,]*

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—

Constitit, et lachrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris? Virg. Æn. i.

VER. 156 *And the fresh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,  
 And run for ever purple in the looms.

VER. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;]*

Cressa genus, Pholœ, geminique sub ubere nati.

Virg. Æn. v.

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd 159.

In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high

"The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;

"His be yon Juno of majestic size,

"With cow-like udders and with ox-like eyes.

"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome 165.

"Replenish not ingloriously at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,  
(Tho' this his Son dissuades, and that his wife.)

REMARKS.

"*inadvertancies of her own life* recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs HAYWOOD, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

VER. 160. *Kirkall,*] The name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

VER. 167. *Osborne, (Thomas)*] A Bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; and therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man publish'd advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163. ——— *yon Juno* ———

*With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.*]

In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

VER. 165. *This China Jordan*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito. Virg. Æn. vi.

In the games of Homer, Iliad xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeas'd. Mrs H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

One on his manly confidence relies,  
 One on his vigour and superior size. 170  
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post ;  
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.  
 So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,  
 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)  
 A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175  
 The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face :  
 Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,  
 Spirits in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.

## REMARKS.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6. 1739. "How melancholy must it be to a Writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and Justice to your Subscribers, can this be done? What an Ingratitude to be charged on the *Only honest poet* that lived in 1738! and than whom *Virtue* has not had a *shriller Trumpeter* for many ages! That you were once *generally admired and esteemed* can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by *this fact*:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the Bookseller.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,  
 One on his vigour]*

Ille—melior motu, fretusque juvena;  
 Hic membris et mole valens.

Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow—  
 (Sure sign,——*

The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in Iliad xi.

——— ἄς τε Κρονίων

Ἐν νέφει σήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondé dans les nues, pour être dans tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels. Dacier.

Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread  
 The stream, and smocking flourish'd o'er his head.  
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181  
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;  
 Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;  
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

## REMARKS.

VER. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow:

His rapid waters in their passage glow.

This I cannot but think the right: For first, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word *glow* in other parts of his works: To instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows,

(2.) Iliad xi ver. 626.—There the battle glows.

(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.

(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)  
 Eridanus,]*

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,

Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta

In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,

Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;

Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,

To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes :  
 Still happy Impudence obtains the prize. 186  
 Thou triumph'ſt Victor of the high-wrought day,  
 And the pleas'd dame, ſoft-smiling lead'ſt away.  
 Osborne, thro' perfect modeſty o'ercome,  
 Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for Authors nobler palms remain ; 191  
 Room for my Lord ! three jockeys in his train ;  
 Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair :  
 He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtare.

## R E M A R K S.

(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour  
 glows.

(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.— Another part glow'd with reful-  
 gent arms.

(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on ſilver props in order  
 glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent ; but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr Curl's condition at this time : But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to inſult a man on ſuch a miſfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr Theobald, half SCRIBLER.

VER. 187. *The high-wrought day,*] Some affirm, this was originally, *well p---ſt day* ; but the poets decency would not ſuffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifelts great anger ; he exclaims againſt all ſuch *conjectural Emendations* in this manner :  
 " Let it ſuffice, O Pallas ! that every noble Antient, *Greek* or  
 " *Roman*, hath ſuffered the impertinent correction of every *Dutch*,  
 " *German*, and *Switz Schoolmaſter* ! Let our Engliſh at leaſt e-  
 " ſcape, whoſe intrinsic is ſcarce of marble ſo ſolid, as not to be  
 " impaired or ſoiled by ſuch rude and dirty hands. Suffer them

His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195  
 "He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :  
 With ready quills the Dedicators wait ;  
 Now at his head the dextrous task commence,  
 And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ; 200  
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,  
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :  
 Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,  
 Then his nice taste directs our Operas :  
 Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205  
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

"to call their works their own, and after death at least to find  
 "rest and sanctuary from Critics! When these men have ceas'd  
 "to rail, let them not begin to do worse, to comment! Let  
 "them not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of all correct-  
 "ness; and restore into obscurity and confusion. Miserable fate!  
 "which can befall only the sprightliest wits that have written,  
 "and will befall them only from such dull ones as could never  
 "write!"

VER. 203. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that Language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

VER. 205. *Bentley's mouth*, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *Classic Elocution* may be seen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *O Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare! O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columnen! O fortunatam tanto Heroe Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro DEUM per Omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus et mentem direxisse*

But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm  
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;  
 Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,  
 The more thou ticklest, grips his fist the faster. 210

VER. 207. in the first Ed.

But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm, &c.

#### REMARKS.

CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus enim Unius ferme opera æquissimis et perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium ! bello, finem impostum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam ! qua terrores Patrie omnes excidit Pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europe restituit; ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.

Thus critically (that is verbally) translated :

“ Thy father that most refulgent star of the Anglican Orb,  
 “ we much desire to *adore* ! O mighty Column of our Republic !  
 “ Oh Britain, fortunate in such an *Hero* ! That to such and so  
 “ great a Man GOD was ever present, in *every thing*, and all a-  
 “ long directed both his hand and his heart, is a *Niest Absolute*  
 “ *Certainty* ! For it is in a manner by the operation of this *Man*  
 “ *alone*, that we behold a *War* (alas ! how much too long an  
 “ one !) brought at length to an end ; *on the most just and most*  
 “ *honourable Conditions*. O day eternally to be memorated !  
 “ wherein all the Terrors of his Country were ended, and a  
 “ PEACE (long wish'd for by *almost all Europe*) was restored by  
 “ HARLEY, the Love and Delight of the People of England.”

But that this Gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr Pope, wherein several Noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very PEACE which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.

VER. 207. *Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of *The Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphoses of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator* : And there was another in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *Περὶ Βαθῶς*, or the Art of Sinking as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Den-



While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,  
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;  
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair  
 Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.  
 What force have pious vows! the Queen of Love  
 His sister sends, her vot'refs, from above. 216  
 As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art  
 To touch Achilles' only tender part;  
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,  
 He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. 220

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)  
 And learn my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.

## REMARKS.

nis, Daily Journal of May 11 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about at the same time:

- " Dear Wellsted, mark, in dirty hole,
- " That painful animal, a Mole:
- " Above ground never born to grow;
- " What mighty stir it keeps below?
- " To make a Mole-hill all this strife!
- " It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
- " How proud a little dirt to spread;
- " Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
- " 'Till lab'ring on for want of eyes,
- " It blunders into Light and dies.

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

VER. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The satire of this Epifode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: That although their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the Passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puff Nobility, shall, with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

SCRIBL.

To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,  
 With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,  
 Let others aim: 'Tis your's to shake the soul 225  
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,  
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,  
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!  
 Such happy arts attention can command,  
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230  
 Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe  
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey-tribe:  
 And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base  
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass.  
 Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:  
 The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in; 236

## REMARKS.

VER. 226. *With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,*] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy, of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, " 'Sdeath! that is *my* Thunder."

VER. 228.—*with a tolling bell!*] A mechanical help to the pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

VER. 231. *Three Cat-calls*] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 223, 225. *To move, to raise, &c.*

*Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake, &c.]*

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,  
 Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.  
 Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,  
 Hæ tibi erunt artes—

'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,  
 And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,  
 Dennis and Diffonance, and captious Art,  
 And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240  
 And Demonstration thin and Theses thick,  
 And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.

Hold (cry'd the Queen) A Cat-call each shall win;  
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!

But that this well-disputed game may end, 245  
 Sound forth my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait  
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,  
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make  
 A moan so loud, that all the gild awake; 250  
 Sore sigh's Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,  
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:  
 So swells each wind-pipe; Afs intones to Afs,  
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;  
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows, 255  
 High Sound attempt'ed to the vocal nose:

## REMARKS.

VER. 238. *Norton,*] See ver. 417.—*J. Durant Breval,* Author  
 of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See  
 before, Note on ver. 126.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 243. *A Cat call each shall win, &c.*]

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,

Et vitula tu dignus, et hic—

Virg. Ecl. ii.

VER. 247. *As when the, &c.*] A Simile with a long tail, in  
 the manner of Homer.

Or such as bellow from the deep Divine ;  
 There Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield thine.  
 But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;  
 Walls, steeples, ikies, bray back to him again. 260  
 In Tot'nam-fields, the Brethren, with amaze,  
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze ;

## REMARKS.

VER. 258. *Webster—and Whitefield*] The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a Field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of spiritual madness: That by the old death of fire and faggot: And therefore they agreed in this, tho' in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful *Bigotry* and *Enthusiasm* are while the Civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 260. *bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Georg. iii.

He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,

While neighbouring hills low back to them again. Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *Armour, War, &c.* In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

VER. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*]

Immamor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca. Virg. Eci. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Totenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* vii. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

Audiat et Triviæ longe lacus, audiat amnis

Sulphurea. Nar albus aqua, fontisque Velini, &c.

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,  
 And courts to courts return it round and round ;  
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265  
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.  
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,  
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

## REMARKS.

VER. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourously allegorized in these lines.

VER. 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr Dryden expresseth it)

Wit to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the *same foot* with Homer." Comp. Art. of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been *so much as named*, or even *thought of* among writers." Even Mr Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr Gildon: "Blackmore's *Ation* (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroic Poem*: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no *Genius*; first laying down, that "Genius is caused by a *furious joy and pride of soul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary Hint*. Many Men, (saith he) have their *Hints*, with

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,  
 (As morning pray'r, and flagellation end). 270.

## REMARKS.

“ out these motions of *fury* and *pride of soul*, because they want  
 “ fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writ-  
 “ ters. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not ex-  
 “ cellent organs, feel the forementioned *motions*, without the ex-  
 “ traordinary *hints*; and these we call fustian writers. But he  
 “ declares that Sir Richard had neither the *Hints*, nor the *Mo-*  
 “ *tions*.” Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman, in his first works, abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of prophaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. “ It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is apparent to me that Psalm  
 “ was burlesqued by a *Popish rhymester*. Let rhyming persons,  
 “ who have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they  
 “ will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be  
 “ *Atheists*, yet education has made an invincible impresson on  
 “ them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymester*  
 “ has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings;  
 “ now shew me another *Popish rhymester* but he.” This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis: he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. “ All Mr. Blackmore’s celestial Machines, as they  
 “ cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion,  
 “ so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of  
 “ England; for the visible descent of an Angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England that  
 “ miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came in-  
 “ to the world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of England  
 “ be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial  
 “ machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only  
 “ human but divine probability. But if the machines are suffer-  
 “ able, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then  
 “ it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false.  
 “ So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to consider,” &c.  
 Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing streams  
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,  
The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

“ Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, 275

“ Here prove who best can dash thro’ thick and thin,

“ And who the most in love of dirt excel,

“ Or dark dexterity of groping well.

“ Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around

“ The stream, be his the weekly Journals bound;

#### REMARKS.

VER. 270. (*As morning pray’r, and flagellation end*) It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridwell—This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from Court, or of the Labourers dinner; our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor’s day: The first book passed in that *night*; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Booksellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly, through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess.

VER. 276, 277, 278.—*dash thro’ thick and thin—love of dirt—dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guesses.

VER. 280. *the weekly Journals*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 273. *The King of dykes! &c.*]

Fluviorum rex Eridanus,

—quo non alius, per pingua culta,

In mare purpureum violentior influit amais.

Virg.

“ A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;      281

“ A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.”

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,  
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;

#### R E M A R K S.

VER. 282. “ *A peck of coals a-piece*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, an Highwayman, or a Knight of the post, are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick-pocket, an *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the post, *etc.*

VER. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,*] Mr JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our Nation ; an unjust centurer of Mr Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bohours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact ; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it ; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr Addison himself writ that Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 43. which says of his own Simile, that “ ’Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man.” “ In Poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler “ N<sup>o</sup> 62. by the name of *Omicron the Unborn Poet.*” Curl, Key, p. 13. “ He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of “ Poetry consisting of heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof are “ very well done,” saith that great Judge Mr Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism and the arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employ’d by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the Historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel’s Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the lord Clarendon’s History ; which fact has been disproved by Dr Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them ; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost nine-



Then sighing, thus, “ And am I now three-score ?  
 “ Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ?”  
 He said, and climb’d a stranded lighter’s height, 287  
 Shot to the black abyss, and plung’d downright.  
 The Senior’s Judgment all the crowd admire,  
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290  
 Next Smedley div’d ; slow circles dimpled o’er  
 The quaking mud, that clos’d and op’d no more.

## REMARKS.

ty years, in that noble author’s original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

VER. 286. “ *Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ?*”] Very reasonably doth this ancient Critic complain : Without doubt it was a fault in the Constitution of things. For the *World*, as a great writer saith, *being given to a man for a subject of disputation*, he might think himself mocked with a penurious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reasonably conclude that *two and two do not make four*. SCRIBL.

But we need not go so far, to remark what the Poet principally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old age*, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to another.

VER. 291. *Next Smedley div’d*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work : whereas Mr Eusden’s writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous Pieces,

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 285. *Then sighing thus, And am I now threescore ? &c.*]

—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes

Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.

Ovid.

All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost :  
Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then \* essay'd ; scarce vanish'd out of sight. 295  
He buoys up instant, and returns to light :  
He bears no token of the fabler streams,  
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,  
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep :

After ver. 298. in the first Edit. followed these.  
Far worse unhappy D—— r succeeds,  
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

#### REMARKS.

a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr Swift and Mr Pope, Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

VER. 295. *Then \* essay'd.*] A Gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

VER. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphoses of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profund*, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece somebody humourously caused

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 293. *And call on Smedley lost; &c.*]

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,  
Hylas, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast.

Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's 6th Ecl.

If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,  
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :  
 No noise, no stir, no motion can'st thou make,  
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, 305  
 With each a sickly brother at his back :  
 Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,  
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.  
 Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose  
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310  
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)  
 Sits Mother Osborne, stupified to stone !  
 And Monumental Brass this record bears,  
 " These are,—ah no ! these were the Gazetteers !"

## REMARKS.

him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired Scribler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica.

VER. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back: Sons of a day, &c.*] These were daily Papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

VER. 311. *like Niobe*] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miserable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically described.

VER. 312. *Osborne*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

VER. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to suppose that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism, affirming

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore*]

Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori, &c. Virg. Æn.

Not so bold Arnall ; with a weight of skull, 315  
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

R E M A R K S.

these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this Day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.

SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men: though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the *Report of the Secret Committee* for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than *fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds, eighteen Shillings,* were paid to Authors and Printers of News-papers, such as *Free-Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers,* and other political papers, between Feb. 10. 1731. and Feb. 10. 1741." Which shews the Benevolence of one Minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Lewis XIV. so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Universities, of any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his Learning separately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his Personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author:

Seen him I have; but in his *happier hour*  
Of *social pleasure*, ill exchang'd for *Pow'r!*  
Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,  
*Smile* without *Art*, and *win* without a *Bribe*.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,  
 With all the might of gravitation blest.  
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,  
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320  
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,  
 And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,  
 With holy envy gave one Layman place.  
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325  
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;  
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,  
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.  
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:  
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

## REMARKS.

VER. 315. *Arnall*] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his Predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witness a paper, called the Free-Briton; a Dedication, intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid REPORT, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:]*  
 Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl:  
 ——majorque videri,  
 Nec mortale sonans——

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,  
 Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in :  
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,  
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,  
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335  
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.  
 Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids  
 A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades.  
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,  
 And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams, 340  
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice  
 Bears Pifa's off'ring to his Arethuse).

## REMARKS.

“ than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shil-  
 lings, and eight pence, out of the Treasury.” But frequently,  
 thro' his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his com-  
 mission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his feur-  
 rilities.

VER. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was ravished by the water-  
 nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at-large by  
 Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil. Ecl. vi.

VER. 338. *A branch of Styx. &c.*]

Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,  
 “Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλιῤῥοον ὕδωρ,  
 Οὐδ' ὄγε Πηνειῶ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,  
 Ἄλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρέει ἦντ' ἔλαιον,  
 Ὅρκυ γάρ δεινῆ Στυγὸς ὕδαλός ἐστιν ἀπορράζ.

Homer Iliad. ii. Catal.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention,  
 Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's true History. *Lethe* and the  
*Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *Stupefaction* and *vision-  
 ary Madness* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's  
 waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pifa, to mix with those  
 of Arethuse in Sicily; see Moschus, Idyll. viii. Virg. Ecl. x.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,  
 Doris amara suam non intermiscat undam.

Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave  
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:  
 Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, 345  
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repose,  
 They led him soft; each rev'rend Bard arose;  
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,  
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350

“ Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,  
 “ Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.”

He ceas'd and spread the robe; the crowd confess  
 The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.  
 Around him wide a sable Army stand, 355  
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

R E M A R K S.

And again, Æn. iii.

—Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,  
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc  
 Ore, Arethusa, tu Siculis confunditur undis.

VER. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr Dryden and him. Append.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER 347. *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,  
 Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;  
 Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,  
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,  
 Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,  
 Ascraeo quos ante seni—, &c.

Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,  
Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any God or Man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet  
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360

'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,  
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:

So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,  
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

Here stopt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims 365  
A gentler exercise to close the games.

“ Ye Critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales

“ I weigh what authors heaviness prevails ;

“ Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,

“ My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;

“ Attend the trial we propose to make : 371

“ If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,

“ Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,

“ And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;

“ To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit 375

“ Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;

#### R E M A R K S.

VER. 359: *Lud's fam'd gates,* King Lud repairing the City, called it after his own name, Lud's Town; the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other Kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore.” *Stow's Survey of London.*

VER. 374. See Hom. *Odyss.* xii. Ovid, *Met.* i.



“ To cavi!, censure, dictate, right or wrong,  
 “ Full and eternal privilege of tongue.”

Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came,  
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same; 380  
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,  
 And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.

The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring !  
 The heroes sit the vulgar form a ring.

The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,  
 'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum. 386

Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone  
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on ;  
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,  
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.

As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low 391  
 Their heads, and list them as they cease to blow :

## REMARKS.

VER. 388. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.]* “ All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness with which they proceed. It is impossible to any one, who has a poetical ear, to read them without perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to imitate the action it describes. The simile of the Pines is very just and well adapted to the subject;” says an Enemy, in his Essay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 380, 381. *The same their talents—Each prompt, &c.]*  
 Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,

Et certare pares, & respondere parati. Virg. Ecl. vi.

VER. 382. *And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.]*

Smit with the love of sacred song—— Milton.

VER. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.]*

Confedere duces, et vulgi stante corona. Ovid. Met. xiii.

Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,  
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.  
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395  
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.  
 Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress  
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.  
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,  
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here.* 400  
 Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,  
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.  
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em  
 lies  
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.

VER. 390. in the first Edit. it was,  
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer.

#### R E M A R K S.

VER. 397. *Thrice Budget aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South-Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and *one small piece* on Love, which "is very pretty." Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest Statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

VER. 396. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. Toland, the Author of the Atheist's liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy, in pay, to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppress'd, while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation: this Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

VER. 400. *Christ's no Kingdom, &c.*] This is said by Cur's Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405  
 One circle first, and then a second makes ;  
 What Dulness dropt among her sons impress  
 Like motion from one circle to the rest :  
 So from the mid-most the nutation spreads  
 Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*. 410  
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,  
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,

## REMARKS.

VER. 405. *As what a Dutchman, &c.*] It is a common and foolish mistake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated passage is a ridicule of that passage. The reader therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own sublime Similitude in the Essay on Man, Ep. iv.

As the small pebble, &c.

but will any body therefore suspect the one to be a ridicule of the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody; but when the image is transferred from one subject to another, and the subject is not a *poem burlesqued* (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will distinguish from a *burlesque poem*) there the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *imitating*. Thus, for instance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast,  
 it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his armour, but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be said to explain our Author's parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock epic poem) either from profane or sacred writers.

VER. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (says Mr Jacob, vol. i. p. 32) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr Pope's Homer, before he began it.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 410. *O'er all the sea of heads.*]

A waving sea of heads was round me spread,  
 And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.

Blackm. Job.

Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er;  
 Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;  
 Norton from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung, 415  
 Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,

VER. 413. in the first Edit it was,  
 T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,  
 Nor \*\*\* talk'd, nor S— whisper'd more.

#### R E M A R K S.

VER. 413. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er.*]  
 A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage; Mr Dennis answered with as great: Their Books were printed in 1726. Mr Law affirmed, that "The Playhouse  
 "is the temple of the Devil; the peculiar pleasure of the  
 "Devil; where all they who go, yield to the Devil; where all  
 "the laughter is a laughter among Devils; and all who are  
 "there are hearing Music in the very Porch of Hell." To  
 which Mr Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much  
 "difference between a true Play and one made by a Poetaster, as  
 "between two religious books, the Bible and the Alcoran." Then  
 he demonstrates, that "All those who had written against the  
 "Stage were *Jacobites* and *Non-jurors*; and did it always at a  
 "time when something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr  
 "Collier published his Short View when France declared for  
 "the Chevalier; and his Dissuasive, just at the great storm,  
 "when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had a-  
 "mazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them ob-  
 "noxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr Law  
 "took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great pre-  
 "parations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Ja-  
 "cobites* flattered themselves were designed in their favour.  
 "And as for Mr Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, tho' I know  
 "nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it  
 "was either upon the Duke d'Amont's being at Sommerset-  
 "house, or upon the late rebellion." DENNIS, Stage defended  
 against Mr Law, p. ult. The same Mr Law is Author of a  
 book, intitled, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth  
 of the Gospel*; in which he has detailed a System of the rankest  
 Spinozism, for the most exalted Theology; and amongst other  
 things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton  
 stole the principles of his philosophy from one *Jacob Behman*, a  
 German Cobler.

Hung silent down his never blushing head ;  
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,  
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay. 420

Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse  
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews :  
Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,  
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate !  
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425  
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink :

#### R E M A R K S.

VER. 414 *Morgan*] A writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his Title ; for having stolen his Morality from Tindal, and his Philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a *Moral Philosopher*.

*Ibid. Mundevil*] This writer, who prided himself as much in the Reputation of an *Immoral Philosopher*, was author of a famous book called *the Fable of the Bees* ; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the Imposition of fools ; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy,

VER 415. *Norton*] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well bred work Mr P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters ; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

VER 426. *And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink :*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearances* ; a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend Person in the like situation,

#### · I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor :

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.

While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet  
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

## REMARKS.

not to determine too rashly; since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspired in this posture,

[On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspired, and the like] but an eminent Casuist tells us, that "if a Priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or an illusion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal."

VER. 427. *Fleet*] A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

## T H E

## D U N C I A D :

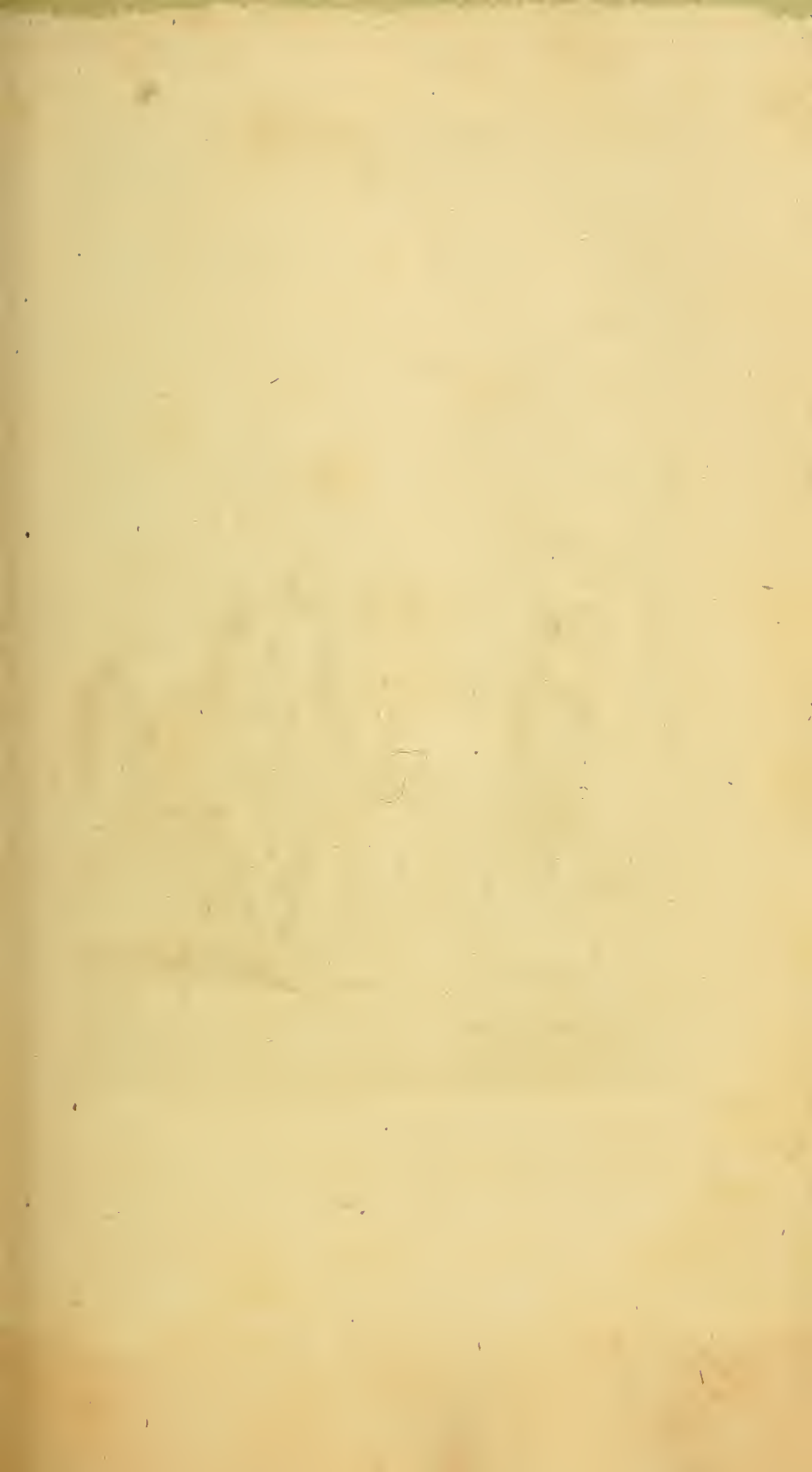
BOOK the THIRD.

## A R G U M E N T.

*After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, in-amoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elylian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destin'd to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of*

*the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, 'till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the Throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glympse, or Pisgah-sight of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.]*







*A Slipshod Sibyl led, his Steps along  
In lofty Madness meditating Song.*  
*Dunciad, Book III.*

## B O O K III.

**B**UT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,  
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.  
 Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,  
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,  
 Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5  
 Which only heads resin'd from Reason know.  
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,  
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :  
 Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,  
 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10

## R E M A R K S.

VER. 5, 6, &c. Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all pass'd through the *Ivory-gate*, which, (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen.

BENTL.

## I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 7, 8 Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,  
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :

*Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum*

*Colloquio-----*

Virg. Æn. viii.

The maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,  
And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,  
The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade.

A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along, 15

In lofty madness, meditating song;

Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,

And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.

Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,

(Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)

#### REMARKS.

VER. 15. *A slip shod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely just, no confirmation of the mind—so much subjecting it to real *Madness*, as that which produces real *Dulness*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of *heat*, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas *fire* in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-temper'd steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught, (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of *Wit*, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of *Holiness*. But if the cause of Madness assigned by a great Philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the *dwelling over long on one object or idea*: Now as this attention is occasioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by *Dulness*; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

VER. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accident: A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 15. *A slip shod Sibyl, &c.*]

*Concl. mat Vates*—————

—————*furens antro se immisit aperto.*

Virg.

Benlowes, propitious still to Blockheads, bows;

And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.

Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,

Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull

25

Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :

## REMARKS.

*I must confess I do want eloquence,  
And never scarce did learn my Accidence;  
For having got from possum to posset,  
I there was gravel'd could no further get.*

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654,

Ver. 21 *Benlowes,*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus* : to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

Ver. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a dose in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits*] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so christian-like a manner: For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated and detested* for his evil works; *Qui baviium non odit*; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great *Good Nature and Mercifulness* thro' the whole course of this Poem. SCRIBL.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale, &c.*]

—Videt Æneas in valle reducta

Seclusum nemus ———

*Letheumque domos placidas qui prænata amnem, &c.*

*Hunc circum innumera gentes, &c.*

Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable :

*At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti*

*Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,*

*Lustrabat*——

Virg. Æn. vi.

Infant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,  
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,  
 Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,  
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30  
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,  
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,  
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,  
 As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory. 34

## REMARKS.

Mr Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: For (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit" Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Ver. 28 *Brown and Mears*] Booksellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dress'd in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

Ver. 34 *Ward in Pillory*.] John Ward of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the house, and then sentenc'd to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgen. 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Christian Charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation? What could move the Poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner,

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 28. *unbar the gates of Light*,] An Hemistic of Milton.

Ver. 31, 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.*]

*Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo  
 Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto  
 Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.* Virg. Æn. vi.

Wond'ring he gaz'd : When lo ! a Sage appears,  
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,  
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore  
 (His only suit) for twice three years before :

## REMARKS.

“ exposed to the view of all mankind ! It was laying aside his  
 “ *Senses*, it was committing a *Crime*, for which the *Law* is deficient  
 “ not to punish him ! nay, a *Crime* which *Man can scarce forgive*,  
 “ or *Time efface* ! nothing surely could have induced him to it  
 “ but being bribed by a great Lady,” &c. (to whom this brave,  
 honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery,  
 proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verse could not  
 be meant of him ; it being notorious, that no *Eggs* were thrown  
 at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of  
 Mr Edward Ward the Poet when he stood there.

Ver. 36. *And length of ears,*] This is a *sophisticated* reading.  
 I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken  
 here : I believe I may say the same of the Critics ; Dennis,  
 Oldmixon, Welsted have passed it in silence. I have also  
 stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could e-  
 scape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded original-  
 ly from the inadvertancy of some Transcriber, whose head ran  
 on the *Pillory*, mentioned two lines before ; it is therefore a-  
 mazing that Mr Curl himself should overlook it ! Yet that *Scho-*  
*liast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist  
 also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among  
 those in which our author was blamed for *personal Satire* on a  
*Man's face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a  
 part ; ) so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying-Post, and all  
 the herd of Commentators—*Tota armenta sequuntur*.

A very little sagacity (which all these Gentlemen therefore  
 wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the Poet, thus,

*By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.*

See how easy a change ; of one single letter ! That Mr Settle  
 was old, is most certain ; but he was (happily) a stranger to  
 the *Pillory*. This Note partly Mr THEOBALD's partly SCRIB.

Ver. 37 *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue  
 as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic poetry and Politics. Mr  
 Dennis tells us that “ he was a formidable rival to Mr Dryden,  
 “ and that in the University of Cambridge there were those  
 “ who gave him the *preference*.” Mr Welsted goes yet farther  
 in his behalf : “ Poor Settle was formerly the *Mighty rival* of

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,  
 Old in new state, another yet the same. 40  
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun  
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son :  
     Oh born to see what none can see awake !  
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.  
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore : 45  
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.  
 But blind to former as to future fate,  
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state ?  
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul  
 Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll ? 50  
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid ?  
 How many stages thro' old monks she rid ;

## R E M A R K S.

" Dryden ; nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation above-  
 " him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr Milbourn  
 cried out, " How little was Dryden able, even when his blood  
 " run high, to defend himself against Mr Settle !" Notes on-  
 Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions ! and no  
 wonder some authors indulge them

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the  
 time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political  
 poems ; and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in  
 his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever  
 printed with Cuts.) " Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits  
 " writ against his Play ; he replied, and the Town judged it  
 " had the better. In short Settle was then thought a very for-  
 " midable rival to Mr Dryden ; and not only the Town, but  
 " the University was divided which to prefer ; and in both  
 " places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." DENNIS. Pref.  
 to Rem. on Hom.

Ver. 50. *Might from Bœotian, &c* ] Bœotia lay under the ri-  
 dicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now ; tho' it pro-  
 duced one of the greatest Poets and one of the greatest Gene-  
 rals of Greece :

*Bœotum crasso jurares aere natum.*

Horat.



And all who since, in mild benighted days,  
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.  
 As man's Mæanders to the vital spring 55  
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring  
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,  
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again :  
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,  
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60  
 For this our Queen unfolds to vision true  
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :  
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind  
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:

R E M A R K S.

Ver. 67. *Ascend this hill, &c.*] The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from v. 67 to 73, those places of the globe are shown where Science never rose; then from v. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by *Tyranny*; from v. 85 to 95, by inundations of *Barbarism*; from v. 96 to 106, by *Superstition*. Then Rome, the Mistress of Arts, described in her degeneracy; and lastly Britain, the scene of the action of the poem; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulnets in review.

I M I T A T I O N S.

Ver. 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

— — *sine tempera circum*

*Inter vittrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.* Virg. Ecl. viii.

Ver. 61, 62 *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*

*Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:]*

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the Angel

*To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd*

*The film; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue*

*The visual nerve—For he had much to see.*

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole Episode.

Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65  
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands  
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.

See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,  
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70  
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,  
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun  
And orient Science their bright course begun:  
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds, 75  
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;  
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,  
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;  
There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80

Ver. 73. in the former Ed.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun  
And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the Introduction,

*In eldest times, e'er Mortals writ or read,*  
which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it  
was alter'd to *their bright course begun*. But this slip, as usual,  
escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

#### REMARKS.

Ver. 69. *See round the Poles, &c.*] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance.

Ver. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,  
And lick up all their Physic of the Soul.'

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,  
Where faint at best, the beams of Science fall :  
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85  
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !  
Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows  
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,  
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,  
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns ! 90  
See Alaric's stern port ! the martial frame  
Of Genferic ! and Attila's dread name !  
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;  
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !  
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95  
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)  
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,  
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.  
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,  
And all the western world believe and sleep. 100

R E M A R K S.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Ægypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemæan Library, on the gates of which was this Inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul.

Ver. 96. (*The soil that arts and infant letters bore*) Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more  
 Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore ;  
 Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,  
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.  
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105  
 And ev'n the Antipodes Vigilius mourn.  
 See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,  
 Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods :  
 'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,  
 And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn ; 110

## REMARKS.

Ver. 102. *thund'ring against heathen lore ;*] A strong instance of this pious rage is plac'd to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him : *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo predicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probata lectionis scripta, Palatinus quaecunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place : *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinae paginae gratior esset locus, & major autoritas, et diligentia studiosior.* Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reprov'd by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; because (says this Pope) *In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest, to have burn'd Livy; *Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur.* The same Pope is accus'd by Vossius, and others, of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroy'd, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. *'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,]* After the government of Rome devolv'd to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroy'd more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At

See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,  
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod, 114  
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.  
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsy-wolsey brothers,  
Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.  
That once was Britain —Happy! had she seen  
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been!  
In peace, great Goddesses ever be ador'd;  
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120  
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age  
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,  
That lifts our Goddesses to imperial sway;  
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125  
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.

## REMARKS.

length they spared some of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the Statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy! had Easter never been!*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Ver. 126. *Dove like, she gathers]* This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been!*

*Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.*

Now look thro' Fate ! behold the scene she draws !  
 What aids, what armies to assert her cause !  
 See all her progeny, illustrious sight !  
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130  
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye  
 In homage to the Mother of the sky,  
 Surveys around her, in the blest abode,  
 An hundred sons, and every son a God :  
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135  
 Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round ;  
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,  
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

## REMARKS.

Ver. 128. *What aids, what armies to assert her cause !*] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free-thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these Classes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Colleague of Dulness, the Laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the Goddess herself appears in full Glory.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 127. 129. *Now look thro' Fate !—See all her Progeny, &c.]*  
*Nunc age, Dardanium prolem que deinde sequatur*  
*Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,*  
*Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,*  
*Expeditiam.* Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 131. *As Berecynthia, etc.]*  
*Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater*  
*Invehitur, curru Phrygiis turrata per urbes,*  
*Lata deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,*  
*Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.* Virg. Æn. vi.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,  
 And thrusts his person full into your face. 140.  
 With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!  
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,  
 And modest as the maid that sips alone ;  
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145  
 Another Durfey, Ward ! shall sing in thee.  
 Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,  
 And answ'ring gin-shops sowerer sighs return.

Jacob the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,  
 Nor less revere him blunderbus of Law. 150

VER. 149. In the first Edit. it was,  
 Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe !  
 And mighty Jacob, blunderbus of Law ?

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 139. *Mark first that Youth, &c.*  
*Ille videt, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,*  
*Proxima forte tenet lucis loca ————* Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 141. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born !* ] A  
 manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. viii.  
*Nascere ! praeque diem veniens auge, Lucifer —*  
 As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others,  
 his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his  
 theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the at-  
 titude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be  
 cautioned against ascribing wholly to the Father the merit of the  
 epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye  
 to the Son,

VER. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,*  
*— si qua fato aspera rumpas,*  
*Tu Marcellus eris !* Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 147. *Thee shall each ale-house, &c.*  
*Te nemus Angitia, vitrea te Fucinus unda,*  
*Te liquidi severe lacus.* Virg. Æn. vii.

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,  
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

VER. 151. *Lo P—p—le's brow, &c.*] In the former Edit.  
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,  
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roomes funereal face.

#### REMARKS.

VER. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*] “ This Gentleman is son of a considerable Malster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent Attorney: Who between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.— He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many Law-books, The Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c.*” GILES. JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovok'd, abused in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. Gay.

VER. 149, 150. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;  
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law]*

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr Jacob having proved our Author to have a *Respect* for him, by this undeniable argument. “ He had once a *Regard for my Judgment*; otherwise he would never have subscribed *Two Guineas* to me, for “ one small book in octavo.” Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of *Blunderbuss* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. “ My writings having “ made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. “ P. repented, and to give proof of his Repentance, subscribed to “ my two volumes of select Works, and afterwards to my two “ Volumes of Letters.” Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest thy money to such Authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are Good-nature or Charity.

#### IMITATIONS.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

*Illum etiam lauri, etiam flevete myrica, &c.*

VER. 150. Virg. Æn. vi. — duo fulmina bellis  
*Scipiadas, cladem Libya!*



Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,  
 A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim. 154  
 Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,  
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:  
 Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,  
 All crowd who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.

Ver. 157. *Each Songster, Riddler, &c.*] In the former Ed.  
 Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name.  
 After v. 158. In the first Edit. followed,  
 How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!  
 How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

## REMARKS.

Ver. 152. *Horneck and Roome*] These two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *Honour and Employment*. The first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingsgate paper called *The High German Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers called *Paquin*, where by malicious Innuendo's he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

" You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,

" Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!

" You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,

" The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

P—le was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a Paper called the *Prompter*.

Ver. 153. *Goode*,] An ill-natured Critic, who writ a satire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æsop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

Ver. 156. *Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:*] There were several successions of these sort of minor Poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the *Annuals* flourishing for that season; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet flurs them over with others in general.

Some strain in rhyme ; the Muses, on their racks,  
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks ; 160  
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,  
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ;  
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,  
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl. 164

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
 And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls !

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,  
 Let all give way—and Morris may be read.

#### R E M A R K S.

Ver. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our Author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Night*, a Poem: This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of *English Poets*, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "*Shake-  
 " spear writ without rules*" He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnauld, and received a small pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. *Morris*,] *Besaleel*, See Book ii.

#### I M I T A T I O N S.

Ver. 166. *And makes Night hideous—*]

—Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making Night hideous —

Shakesp.

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow! &c.*] Parody on *Denham*,  
*Cooper's Hill*.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme:

This deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;

Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!

Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer;  
 Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear; 170  
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;  
 Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage  
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

## REMARKS.

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted, &c.*] Of this Author see the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of struggle* between the most eminent in the two Universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this, he (*civilly*) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling Expectation* of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that *will make no small part of the Fame* of his protectors. It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age.—Encouraged by such a *Combination* in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the most exquisite Judges pronounce he even *rival'd his masters*—His love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love-tale—all, are the *most perfect things in all poetry*. *WELSTED of Himself, Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728, pag. 23, 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent Authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. *Ah Dennis! &c.*] The reader, who has seen thro' the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this Poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem,

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175  
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.  
 Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!  
 Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.  
 Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd ;  
 How like in manners, and how like in mind ! 180

## REMARKS.

for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his Name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Ver. 179. *Behold yon Pair, &c.*] One of these was Author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abused with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Bishop of *Rocheſter*. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intitled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. *Pope's*, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champi-

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*]  
 Virg. *Æn.* vi.

———*Ne tanta animis affueſcite bella,  
 Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires :  
 Tuque prior, tu parce—ſanguis meus!*—

Ver. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd ;]*  
 Virg. *Æn.* vi.

*Ille autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,  
 Concordes animæ——*

And in the fifth,

*Euryalus, forma inſignis viridique juventa,  
 Nijus amore pio pueri.*

Equal in wit, and equally polite,  
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;

## REMARKS.

ons to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle?

The union of these two Authors gave occasion to this Epigram:

- “ ——— and Ducket, friends in spite,  
“ Came hissing out in verse;  
“ Both were so forward, each would write,  
“ So dull, each hung an A ———.  
“ Thus Amphibœna (I have read)  
“ At either end assails;  
“ None knows which leads or which is led,  
“ For both Heads are but Tails.”

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of *Virgil, Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendship: That between *Nisus* and *Euristus* is allowed to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to that Gentleman to induce him to think something further. “ Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the creation which God and Nature designed.—Sir, you have a very fine Lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children.” —&c. [*Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of th. Lock*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator’s brain was turned upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *Stage*, and since the *Italian opera* had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: He went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, “ That he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excuseable at this juncture; since when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing mens minds to the natural desire of women.” DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. Law. p. 20. Our Author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but

Like are their merits, like rewards they share,  
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185  
“ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?  
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,  
On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.

#### REMARKS.

the Dedicator mentioned that Vice and this Gentleman together.

Ver. 184. *That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers.

Ver. 187. *arede*] *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. “ READE THY READ, take they Counsaile. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first psalm into English

“ metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

*The man is blest that hath not bent  
To wicked READ his ear.*

“ But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms, the  
“ word READ is changed into *men*. I say *spurious* editions,  
“ because not only here, but quite throughout the whole book  
“ of Psalms, are *strange alterations*, all for the worse; and yet  
“ the Title-page stands as it used to do! and all (which is  
“ *abominable* in any book, much more in a sacred work) is  
“ ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others.  
“ I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they  
“ would proceed against the innovators as cheats.—A liberty,  
“ which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations,  
“ ought by no means to be permitted or approved of by such  
“ as are for *Uniformity*, and have any regard for the *old Eng-*  
“ *lish Saxon tongue.*” HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Glouc.  
artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object that such words are become *unintelligible*; since they are *truly English*, men ought to understand them; and such as are for *Uniformity* should think all alterations in a language,

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. Æn. vi. questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa*:

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,  
Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta, &c.*

To future ages may thy dulness last,  
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,  
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,  
A Lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,  
For ever reading, never to be read!

R E M A R K S.

*strange, abominable, and unwarrantable.* Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our Poet used ancient words, and pou'ded them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place. SCRIB.

Ibid. *myster wight.*] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius *hight,*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient Words* here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but *wisely, yea excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practise the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Gloucester, Artic. BEHETT; "Others say BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is used *excellently well* by Thomas Norton, "in his translation into Metre of the cxvith Psalm, v. 14.

*I to the Lord will pay my vows,*

*That I to him BEHIGHT;*

"Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is *truly English*, from the Saxon) have most *unwarrantably* altered it thus,

*I to the Lord will pay my vows*

*With joy and great delight.*

Ver. 188. *hight.*] "In Cumberland they say to *hight*, for to *promise*, or *vow*; but HIGHT, usually signifies *was called*; and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland." Hearne, *ibid.*

Ver. 192. *Wits, who, like owls, &c.*] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty.* Some

But where each Science lifts its modern type,  
 Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe, 196  
 While proud Philosophy repines to show,  
 Dishonest sight ! his breeches rent below ;  
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo ! Henley stands,  
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

Ver. 197. In the first Edit. it was,  
 And proud philosophy with breeches tore,  
 And English musick with a dismal score.  
 Fast by in darkness palpable instrin'd  
 W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

#### R-E-M-A-R-K-S.

body said well of these men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order*.

Ver. 199. *lo, Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the Orator ; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour. WELSTED, in *Oratory Transactions*, N. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. “ He was born at Melton Mowbrey in Leicestershire. From his own Parish school he went to St. John’s College in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy ; for it shock’d him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind.— Being admitted to Priest’s orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to *Deaconship* or *Priesthood*.” He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the Church, we are told, “ was the envy of others, and a dislike entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete Spaniel.” However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite ; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and styled himself the



How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !  
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung !  
 Still break the benches, Henly ! with thy strain,  
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.  
 Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, 205  
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age !  
 Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wife abodes,  
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !  
 But fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,  
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl ;

## REMARKS.

*Restorer of ancient eloquence.* He thought " it as lawful to take  
 " a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, as  
 " another ; at Hickes's-hall, as at Doctor's commons ; so set  
 " up his Oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There  
 " (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which  
 " no mortal ever thought of ; he had success against all opposi-  
 " tion ; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none  
 " would dispute with him ; writ, read, and studied twelve hours  
 " a day ; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects ;  
 " undertook to teach in one year what Schools and Universities  
 " teach in five ; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or sa-  
 " tires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put  
 " the Church and all that in danger." WELSTED, Narrative  
 in Orat Transact. N. I.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric  
 to buffonry upon all public and private occurrences. All this  
 passed in the same room ; where sometimes he broke jests, and  
 sometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Eucharist*.—  
 This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as  
 Tickets to his subscribers: The device, a Star rising to the  
 meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA ; and below, INVE-  
 NIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred  
 pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly-paper  
 of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp Doctor.

Ver. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,*] Bishops of Salisbury,  
 Chichester, and London ; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters  
 did honour to their country as well as stations.

And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise, 211  
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolfson's days.

Yet oh! my sons, a father's words attend:  
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)

'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215  
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:

But oh! with One, immortal One dispense,  
The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's sense.

Content, each Emanation of his fires  
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires, 220

Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,  
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.

Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,

But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole 225  
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;

#### REMARKS.

Ver. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, see Book ii. *Tho' Woolfson* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. *Yet, oh, my Sons! &c.*] The caution against Blasphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the Source of Light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

Ver. 224. *not to scorn your God*] See this subject pursued in Book iv.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 224.—*Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*] *Virg.*  
*Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere divos.*

But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire :  
 See now what Dulness and her sons admire :  
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart  
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside, 231  
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophecy'd)

And look'd, and saw a fable Sorc'rer rise,  
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :  
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, 235  
 And ten horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.

Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth :  
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,  
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,

'Till one wide conflagration swallows.all. 240

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,  
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own :

REMARKS.

Ver. 232. (*Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophecy'd*)]  
 Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being  
 at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him  
 on the shoulder, and cried, " If he does not make a good actor,  
 " I'll be d—d.—And (says Mr Cibber) I make it a question,  
 " whether Alexander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden,  
 " when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a  
 " greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. *a fable Sorc'rer*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set  
 of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which  
 both Playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All  
 the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced  
 on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in  
 England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. *Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth :*]  
 This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's  
 Rape of Proserpine.

Another Cynthia her new journey runs,  
And other planets circle other suns.

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245

Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;

And last, to give the whole creation grace,

Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;

What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders  
wrought? 250

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look and find  
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.

Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,

Whose farfnet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,

A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controuls,

Wings the red light'ning, and the thunder rolls. 256

#### REMARKS.

Ver. 248. *Lo! one vast Egg*] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatch'd upon the stage, out of a large Egg.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 244. *And other planets*]

— *solemque suum, sua sidera norunt* — Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Ver. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;*

*Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.* HOR.

Ver. 251. *Son; what thou seek'st is in thee!*]

*Quod petis in te est* —

— *Ne te quaesiveris extra.* Pers.

Ver. 256. *Wings the red light'ning, &c.*] Like Salmeoneus in *Æn.* vi.

*Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.*

— *nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,*

*Ære et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.*

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round  
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :  
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure,  
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire. 260  
 Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease  
 'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ;  
 And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.  
 But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air 265  
 New wizards rise ; I see my Cibber there !

## REMARKS.

Ver. 261. *Immortal Rich !*] Mr. John Rich, Master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. *I see my Cibber there !*] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (Life, chap. xv.). "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, out-rying each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked, why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error, than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his Religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me.—But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has *always been allowed a great man.*" This must be confessed a full an-

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 258.—*o'er all unclassic ground :*] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy :

*Poetic fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground.*

As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the same author in The Campaign; and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,  
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.  
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,  
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's inn ; 270  
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,  
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?  
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.  
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275  
 Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.  
 In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd  
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;  
 Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,  
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280  
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,  
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars :  
 Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,  
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes :

## REMARKS.

swer ; only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly. It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a Certificate that he ever was in it.

VER. 266, 267. *Booth and Cibber* were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

VER. 268. *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only.

VER. 282. *Annual trophies* on the Lord-mayor's day : and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground.

VER. 283. *Tho' long my party*] Settle, like most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employ'd

Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on! 285  
 Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.  
 Avert it heav'n ? that thou, my Cibber, e'er  
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair !  
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,  
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets ; 290  
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,  
 And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.  
 Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,  
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,  
 Safe in its heaviness shall never stray, 295  
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.  
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,  
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last,

VER. 295. *Safe in its heaviness, &c.*] In the former Ed.  
 Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray ;  
 And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.  
 Thy Dragons, Magistrates, and Peers shall taste,  
 And from each shew rise duller than the last.  
 Till rais'd from booths, &c.

## REMARKS.

to hold the pen in the *Character of a popish successor*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17. 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention ; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

VER. 297. *Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, \* \* and \* \*. Concanen was sure " they must needs mean no body but King " GEORGE and Queen CAROLINE ; and said he " would insist it was so, till the Poet cleared himself by

'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,  
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300  
 Already Opera prepares the way,  
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway :  
 Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,  
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.  
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305  
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before !  
 To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,  
 Hell thou shalt move ; for Faustus is our friend ;  
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,  
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310  
 Grubstreet ! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,  
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.

## REMARKS.

“ filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context,  
 “ and consistent with his *allegiance*.” Pref. to a Collection  
 of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A.  
 Moor, p. 6.

Ver. 305. *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian Opera of  
 Polifemo ; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story.  
 The Cyclops asks Ulysses his *name*, who tells him his name is  
*Noman* : After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brothers  
 Cyclops to his aid : They inquire *who has hurt him?* he  
 answers *Noman* ; whereupon they all go away again. Our in-  
 genious Translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby  
 all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that  
 Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English  
 Translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect  
 to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the  
 Greek *Pun-nology*.

Ver. 308, 309. *Faustus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miserable Far-  
 ces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tra-  
 gedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Ver. 312. *ensure it but from Fire*] In Tibbald's farce of  
 Proserpine, a corn field was set on fire : whereupon the other



Another Æschylus appears! prepare  
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!  
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315  
 While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.  
 Now Bavius take the Poppy from thy brow,  
 And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!  
 This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:  
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320  
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!  
 See the dull stus roll round and re-appear.  
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!  
 Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of Plays!

VER. 323. *See, see, our own, &c.*] In the former Ed.  
 Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,  
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,  
 Benson sole Judge of Architecture sit,  
 And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for Wit!

## REMARKS.

play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rival'd each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in *Dr. Faustus*.

Ver. 313. *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified, that the children fell into-fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

Ver. 315. *like Semele's,*] See *Ovid. Met. iii.*

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,  
 Th' Augustus, &c.*

*Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,  
 Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet  
 Secula que rursus Latio, regnata per arva  
 Saturno quondam—*

*Virg. Æn. vi.*

*Saturnian* here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned *book I.*

On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ!

Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for Wit!

I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,  
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall;  
 Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,  
 And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.  
 Proceed great days, &c.

#### REMARKS.

Ver. 325. *On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in a very good condition. The Lords upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. *Ambrose Philips*] "He was (saith Mr JACOB) "one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace;" But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: And a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. I. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, "he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it "should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity "does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present "enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding "between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the *Examiner*: A falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,  
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :  
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,  
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,      330

## REMARKS.

Ver. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :*] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-house of White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

Ver. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What d'ye call-it*, *Fables*; and lastly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of Horace

*Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum,*

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns in England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, *etc.* It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together: It was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;  
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

Ver. 331. in the former Editions thus,

—O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following Note, "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*; in which Mr Broome, having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of *Five hundred pounds*, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of *One hundred more*. The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in Translation at all."

#### REMARKS.

in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil*.

VER. 331. *Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;*] See Book i. ver. 26.

VER. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the *Iliad* in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because no body else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, etc. and the Translation of half the *Odyssey* employed him from that time to 1725.

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the shore,  
 'Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,  
 'Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 335  
 'Till Westminster's whole year be holiday.  
 'Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,  
 And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port ?

After ver. 338. in the first Edit. were the following lines;

Then when these signs declare the mighty year,  
 When the dull stars roll round and re-appear ;  
*Let there be darkness !* (the dread Pow'r shall say)  
 All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day ;  
 To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,  
 And universal darkness cover all.

#### R E M A R K S.

VER. 333. *Proceed, great days! etc.*] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a Revolution in Learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak Instruments* as have been [hitherto] described in our poem : But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these Instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *Water-Rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the regularity of our Universities, the Discernment of our Great men, the Accomplishments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory-Gate, he expressly, in the Language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIB.

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch-cries;  
 And thro the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies. 340

IMITATIONS.

VER. 340 *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, etc.)*  
*Sunt gemina Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur*  
*Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;*  
*Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,*  
*Sed falsa ad calum mittunt insomnia manes. Virg. Æn. vi.*

The END of the THIRD BOOK.

T H E

D U N C I A D :

BOOK the FOURTH.

A R G U M E N T.

*The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mention'd at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty; to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who*

*Speak in form are the Genius's of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause, by confining Youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their Travels: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She sees loitering about her a number of Indolent Persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: To these approaches the Antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuolos, and assign them over to him: But Mummus, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before-mentioned, in the study of Butter-flies, Shells, Birds nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any useful*



or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the Minute Philosophers and Freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue: The Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

## B O O K IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light  
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!  
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,  
 As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.  
 Ye Powr's! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing, 5  
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,

## R E M A R K S.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV. This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any ways inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the Work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. BENT.

VER. 1. &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high respect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining Mysteries; and lastly his Impatience to be re-united to her. SCRIBL.

VER. 2 *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!* Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

VER. 4 *half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves*, or imperfectly. SCRIBL.

I understand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*; there were in it *Mysteries* or ἀπόρρητα which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

—more is meant than meets the ear. BENT.

Ver. 6. *To whom time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and softly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place)



Then blessing all, go Children of my Care!  
To Practice now from Theory repair.  
All my Commands are easy short and full  
My Sons be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Dunciad, Book IV.



Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,  
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,  
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay; 10  
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,  
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:  
Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,  
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light;

## REMARKS.

For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: For when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of those who have the most boldly promised to themselves Immortality, viz. Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, Lyrics; Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, Heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becomes not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his Life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable Spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on *dark* and *uncouth* Authors, and even on their *darker* Fragments; preferred Ennius to Virgil, and chosen to turn the dark lanthorn of LYCOPHRON, rather than to trim the everlasting Lamp of Homer.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 7. *Force inertly strong.*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiae* of Matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of all the Qualities and Attributes of that sluggish Substance.

Ver. 14. *To blot out Order, and extinguish Light;*] The two great Ends of her Mission; the one in quality of Daughter of Chaos, the other as Daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as Civil and Moral; the distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals: Light as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Of dull and venal a new World to mold 15  
 And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.  
 She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,  
 In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,  
 ('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)  
 Soft on her lap her Laureate-son reclines. 20

## REMARKS.

Ver. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science; *venal* to the destruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

Ibid. *a new World*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

Ver. 16. *Lead and Gold.*] *i. e.* dull and venal.

Ver. 18. *all below reveal'd.*] It was the opinion of the Antients, that the Divinities manifested themselves to Men by their *Back-parts*, Virg. *Æn. i. et avertens, roseea cervice refulsit.* But this passage may admit of another exposition.—Vet. Adag. The higher you climb the more you shew your A—— Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblemized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors.

SCRIBL.

VER. 20. *her Laureate son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the Throne, and have very little share in the action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having past thro' the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-consorts* have done the like.

SCRIBL.

This verse our excellent Laureate took so to heart, that he appealed, to all mankind, “if he was not as *seldom asleep as any fool?*” But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243 of his own Life, 8vo, ch. ix.) where he says “*the reader will be as much pleas'd to find me a Duncie in my Old Age, as he was to prove me a brisk*

Beneath her foot-stool, *Science* groans in Chains,  
 And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.  
 There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,  
 There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground ;  
 His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are born, 25  
 And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.

## REMARKS.

“ blockhead in my Youth.” Wherever there was any room for Briskness, or Alacrity of any sort, *even in sinking*, he hath had it allowed ; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his Historian to be silent. It is from their *actions* only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their *works* : And if in *those* he be as much asleep as any fool, the Poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.

BENT.

Ibid. *her Laureate*] “ When I find my Name in the satirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he considers that my *Face* is more known than most in the nation ; and therefore a *Lick at the Laureate* will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers.” Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poets have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the Press : Or else to what purpose hath he crown'd it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *Lick at the Laureate*?

BENT.

VER. 21, 22. *Beneath her foot-stool, etc.*] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in Captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless ; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away : *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, *etc.* but nothing like *Wit*, *Opera* alone supplying its place.

*Morality*, by her false Guardians drawn,  
*Chicane* in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,  
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,  
 And dies, when Dulness gives her *Page* the word 30  
 Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfi'n'd,  
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,  
 Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,  
 Now running round the Circle, finds it square.  
 But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muses* lie, 35  
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:

## R E M A R K S.

VER. 27. *by her false Guardians drawn,*] *Morality* is the Daughter of *Astræa*. This alludes to the Mythology of the ancient Poets; who tell us that in the *Gold* and *Silver* ages, or in the *State of Nature*, the God's cohabited with men here on Earth; but when by reason of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourse to a *Magistrate*, and that the Ages of *Brass* and *Iron* came on; (that is, when Laws were wrote on brazen tablets enforced by the Sword of Justice) the Celestials soon retired from Earth, and *Astræa* last of all; and then it was she left this her Orphan Daughter in the hands of the *Guardians* aforesaid.

SCRIBL.

VER. 30. *gives her Page the word*] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage.—Tho' the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling State Criminals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent than that of *our Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.

SCRIBL.

VER. 31. *Mad Máthesis*] Alluding to the strange Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, &c.

VER. 34. *running round the Circle, finds it square.*] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the Circle*.

VER. 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye*] One of the misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Art* for sub-



There to her heart sad Tragedy address  
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast ;  
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,  
 And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40  
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,  
 Had not her Sister Satire held her head ;  
 Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD ! a tear refuse,  
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

## REMARKS.

jecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licensor*, being the false representations to which they were expos'd, from such as either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to greatness, by perverting general Reflections against Vice into Libels on particular Persons.

VER. 39. *But sober History*] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came *History* and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the Goddesses, and in the midst of all her triumphs? a question, says *Scriblerus*, which we thus resolve: *History* was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of SATIRE springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

VER. 43. *Nor could'st thou, etc.*] This noble Person in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House

When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by, 45  
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye :  
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride  
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside :  
 By singing Peers up-held on either hand,  
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand ;  
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 52  
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.

O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train :  
 Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign :

#### R E M A R K S.

of Lords opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr *Cibber*)  
 " with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech  
 had the honour to be answered by the said Mr *Cibber*, with a  
 lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th  
 Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader,  
 would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest  
 judge between them : but I must defer it on account of some  
 differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author, and my-  
 self, concerning the *True Reading* of certain passages. BENT.

VER. 45. *When lo! a Harlot form*] The Attitude given to  
 this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian*  
 Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice  
 of patching up these Operas with favourite Songs, incoherent-  
 ly put together. These things were supported by the subscrip-  
 tions of the Nobility. This circumstance that OPERAS should  
 prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions was prophesied of  
 in Book iii. ver. 304.

*Already Opera prepares the way,*

*The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.*

VER. 54. *let Division reign :*] Alluding to the false taste of  
 playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions, to the ne-  
 glect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense and applies

#### I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]

*Joy to great Cesar*—The beginning of a famous old Song.

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55  
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :

One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,  
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;  
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,  
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*, 60

Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,  
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.

But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,  
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense :  
 Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands,  
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands; 66

To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul he comes,  
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.  
 Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more—  
 She heard and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,  
 And all the nations summon'd to the Throne. 72

R E M A R K S.

to the Passions. Mr *Handel* had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which prov'd so much too many for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practise the patch-work above mentioned.

VER. 59, *Thy own Phœbus reigns,*  
*Tuus jam regnat Apollo.*

Virg.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Bouhours*, and other Critics of that nation.

SCRIBL.

The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,  
One instinct seizes, and transports away.

None need a guide, by sure Attraction led, 75  
and strong impulsive gravity of Head :

None want a place, for all their Centre found,  
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen  
The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen. 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,  
Involves a vast involuntary throng.

Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,  
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.

#### R E M A R K S.

VER. 71. *Fame's posterior Trumpet*] *Posterior*, viz. her second or more certain Report; unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras* :

*She blows not both with the same Wind,  
But one before and one behind;  
And therefore modern Authors name  
One good, and t'other evil Fame.*

VER. 75, 77. *None need a guide.*—*None want a place,*] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life: They are their own masters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and introducers into all places.

VER 76. to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence; from v. 81 to 90. The third of such, as tho' not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scriblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and Men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

Not those alone who passive own her laws 85

But who, weak Rebels, more advance her cause.

Whate'er of Dunce in College or in Town

Sneers at another, in toupee or gown ;

Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,

Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great ;

Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal ;

Or impious, preach his word without a call,

R E M A R K S.

VER. 86. *weak Rebels more advance her cause.*] Such as those, who affect to oppose her Government, by setting up for patrons of Letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The consequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modest and reserved ; and the *false*, forward and presuming ; and the Judge easily imposed upon ; Fools get the rewards due to genius. For as the Poet says of one of these Patrons,

*Dryden alone, (what wonder ?) came not nigh,*

*Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye.*

And thus, as he rightly observes, these weak Rebels unwittingly advance the cause of her they would be thought most to oppose.

For while no rewards are given for the Encouragement of Letters, Genius will support itself on the footing of that reputation, which men of wit will always win from the Dunces. But an undue distribution of the rewards of Learning will entirely depress or disgust all true genius ; which now not only finds itself robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwise have won for itself. For, as the course of things is ordered, general reputations when it comes into rivalry, is rather attendant on favour and high station, than on the simple endowments of Wit and Learning. Hence we conclude, that unless the Province of encouraging Letters be wisely and faithfully administered, it were better for them that there were no encouragements at all.

VER. 93. *false to Phœbus*] Spoken of the ancient and true

Patrons who sneak from living worth to dead, 95  
 Withold the pension, and set up the head ;  
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown ;  
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.  
 And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,  
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrite. 100  
 There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,  
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.  
 Narcissus prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,  
 Look'd a white lilly sunk beneath a show'r.  
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air ; 105  
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a Volume fair ;  
 Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,  
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side :  
 But as in graceful act with awful eye  
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benfon thrust him by : 110  
 On two unequal crutches propt he came,  
 Miton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.

## REMARKS.

*Phœbus*; not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. SCRIBL.

VER. 108.—*bow'd from side to side*:] As being of no one party.

VER. 110. *bold Benfon*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame, by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations of *Milton*; and afterwards by as great passion for *Arthur Johnston*, a *Scotch* physician's Version of the *Psalms*, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,  
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.  
 But (happy for him as the times went then) 115  
 Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,  
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,  
 To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the Wits!"  
 But murder first and mince them all to bits; 120  
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)  
 A new Edition of old Æson gave;  
 Let standard Authors, thus, like trophies born,  
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.

VER. 114.

"What! no respect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR'S page?"

#### REMARKS.

VER. 113. *The decent Knight*] An eminent person who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author at his own expence.

VER. 115. *&c.* These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last Edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespear should be published.

VER. 119. "*Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished Writers; either by printing Editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former instances; or by setting up *Monuments* disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter

VER. 122. *old Æson*] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

*Æson miratur,  
 Dissimilemque animum subiit—*

And you, my Critics! in the checquer'd shade, 125  
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,  
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;  
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,  
On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130  
So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,  
A heavy Lord shall hang at every Wit,

## REMARKS.

VER. 128. *A Page, a Grave,*] For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a Page can be allowed a living one?

VER. 128. *A Page,*] *Pagina*, not *Pedisequus*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant: no Poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr Thomas Durfey.

SCRIBL.

VER. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.*] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Westmonasteriensis.

Ibid.—*an Alderman shall sit,*] Alluding to the Monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

VER. 132. *A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,*] How unnatural an Image! and how ill-supported, saith *Aristarchus*. Had it been,

*A heavy Wit shall hang at ev'ry Lord,*

something might have been said, in an Age so distinguished for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor Author of *Hudibras*, whose *body*, long since weighed down to the Grave by a *load* of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his *Spirit*; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned Critic, could boast of,

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*]

*The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,*

*Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made:* Waller.



And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,  
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,  
Each eager to present the first Address. 136

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,  
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.  
When lo ! a spectre rose whose index hand  
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand ; 140  
His beaver'd brow a birchin garland wears,  
Dropping with Infant's Blood, and Mother's tears.

O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs ;  
Eaton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons.  
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145  
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place :

R E M A R K S.

which was only, *that he had pick'd gold out of another man's dung* ;  
whereas the Editor has pick'd it out of his own. SCRIBL.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right : and that the  
author himself had been struggling : and has but just shaken off  
his *Load* when he wrote the following Epigram.

“ My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,  
“ Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings ;  
“ But he's my neighbour cries the peer polite,  
“ And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.  
“ What ? on Compulsion ? and against my Will,  
“ a Lord's acquaintance ? Let him file his Bill.

VER 140. *the dreadful wand* ;] A cane usually borne by  
Schoolmasters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand  
of Mercury. SCRIBL.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.]*  
*First Moloch, horrid King, besnear'd with blood*  
*Of human Sacrifice, and parents tears,* Milt.

The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,  
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since Man from beast by Words is  
known, 149

Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.

When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,  
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.

Plac'd at the door of Learning youth to guide,

We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155

As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,

#### R E M A R K S.

VER. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of Fear somewhat like this, is described in the viith Æneid,

*Contremuit nemus—*

*Et trepida matres pressere ad pectora natos;*

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (tho' so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any *Master*.

SCRIBL.

VER. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y used by Pythagorus as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

*Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.*

Perf.

VER. 153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the *Genius* of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἀνω ἐσηκώς, ἔχων χάριν τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, ἢ τῇ ἑτέρα ὡσπερ δεικνύων τὸ ἴτος Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

VER. 154. —*to stand too wide*] A pleasant Allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the *Table of Cebes*, Θύραν τινὰ μικράν.

We ply the Memory, we load the brain,  
 Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,  
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;  
 And keep them in the pale of Words till death. 160  
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,  
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:  
 A Poet the first day, he dips his quill;  
 And what the last? a very Poet still.  
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165  
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.  
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,  
 There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more!  
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast?  
 How many Martials were in PULTNEY lost! 170  
 Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,  
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,  
 Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;  
 And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.  
 Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign! 175  
 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again;

R E M A R K S.

VER. 159. *to exercise the breath;*] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for Conversation, and Verbal amusement for their whole lives.

VER. 165. *in yonder House or Hall.*] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

VER. 174. *that Master piece of Man.*] Viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics say, "an Epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

VER. 176. *Some gentle JAMES, &c.*] Wilson tells us, that

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,  
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,  
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,  
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School! 180  
 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,  
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.

## REMARKS.

this King, *James* the first, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to *Car*, Earl of Somerset; and that *Gondomar* the Spanish Ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal Clergy transferred from *God* to *Him*. "The principles of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance" (says the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8.) "which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old Homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

VER. 181, 182. *if Dulness sees a grateful Day, 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.*] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of *Claudian*,

*nunquam Libertas gratior exstat  
 Quam sub Rege pio.*

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

*nunquam Libertas gratior exstat  
 Quam sub Lege pia,*

and that *Rege* was the reading only of *Dulness* herself: And therefore she might allude to it.

SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: The genuine reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege*: So *Claudian* gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: It should bet *exit* not *exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that *Liberty* was never *lost*, or *went away* with so good a grace, as under a good King; it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,  
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;  
 That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,  
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186  
 May you, may Cam, and Isis preach it long!  
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call around the Goddess roll  
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps a fable shoal: 190  
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,  
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

## REMARKS.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

*Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd*

*By the same Laws herself at first ordain'd.*

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature, like Liberty?* Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even tho' the Author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works.

BENT.

VER. 192. *Aristotle's friends.*] A Satire on SCHOOL PHILOSOPHY, which was founded in a corrupt Peripatetism, and is the Art of making a great deal from nothing, in Theology; and nothing from a great deal, in Phytics.

Ibid. *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.*] The Philosophy of *Aristotle* had suffered a long disgrace in this learned University: being first expelled by the *Cartesian*, which, in its turn, gave place to the *Newtonian*. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor acknowledged any strange God in Philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the Goddess, come out like Confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their Master. Thus far SCRIBLERUS.

But the learned Mr *Colley Cibber* takes the matter quite otherwise; and that this *various fortune of Aristotle* relates not to his

Nor wert thou Isis! wanting to the day,  
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]  
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 295  
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,  
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick  
 On German-Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerfdyck.

## REMARKS.

*natural*: but his *moral* Philosophy. For, speaking of that University in his time, he says, *they seemed to have as implicit a Reverence for Shakespear and Johnson, as formerly for the ETHICS of Aristotle.* See his Life, p. 385. One would think this learned professor had mistaken *Ethics* for *Physics*; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, *viz.* while He and the Players were at Oxford.

Ibid. *A hundred head, &c*] It appears by this the Goddess had been careful of keeping up a Succession, according to the rule,

*Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,  
 Anteveni; & sobolem armento sortire quotannis.*

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here describes the friends of this ancient Philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, *Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege Porcum.* But the word *Drove, Armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble *Festus the Grammarian* assures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum.* And alluding to the temper of this warlike breed, our poet very appositely calls them a *hundred head.*

SCRIBL.

VER. 194. [Tho' Christ-church] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper Deputies*; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body.* BENTL.

VER. 196. *still expelling Locke*] In the year 1703, there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

VER. 198. *On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgerfdyck.*] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on Horseback, who of late days, being

As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall  
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,  
 Where Bentley late tempestuous went to sport—  
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.

2007

## REMARKS.

gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with *Names*, as were their horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.

SCRIBLERUS.

Tho' I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the *literal* sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on Horseback) yet still I must needs think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned *Chiron*, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four-legs, but downright plain men, tho' Logicians: and only thus metamorphos'd by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls *Clavius*, Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse, "UN GROSS CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, tho' awkwardly, at an elegant Grecism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness or strength; as ἵπποδάπαιον, ἵππόλωσον, ἵππομάραθρον, and particularly, ἵππογνωμων, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand.

SCIP. MAFF.

Ver 199. *the streams.*] The River Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation.

Ver 202. *sleeps in Port.*] viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto*, a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *De Computationibus Academicis.*

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;   
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark :   
 His Hat which never vail'd to human pride,                    205   
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.   
 Low bow'd the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;   
 So upright Quakers please both man and God,   
 Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :   
 Avaunt—— is Aristarchus yet unknown ?                    210   
 Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains   
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains,   
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain   
 Critics like me shall make it Prose again.                    214

## REMARKS.

Ver. 205. *His Hat, &c.*—*So upright Quakers please both Man and God,*] the Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them.

Ver. 219. *Aristarchus.*] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part, which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. SCRIBL.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod;*] Milton.

—*He, kingly from his State*  
*Declin'd not——*

Ver. 210.—*is Aristarchus yet unknown?*]

———*Sic notus Ulysses?*

*Dost thou not feel me, Rome?*

VIRG.  
 Ben. Johnson.



Roman and Greek Grammarians ! know your Better :  
 Author or something yet more great than Letter ;  
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,  
 Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.  
 'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,  
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,

220

R E M A R K S.

Ver. 214 *Critics like me*—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton ; whose richest veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus, is not boasting here of the *wonders* of his art in annihilating the sublime, but of the *usefulness* of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class ; the words *make it prose again*, plainly shewing that prose it was, tho' ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task ; and commission them to dismount what *Aristophanes* calls *Ἐνμαθ' ἰπποβαμονα*. all *prose on horseback*

SCRIBL.

Ver. 216. *Author of something yet more great than Letter ;*] Alluding to those Grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *single letters*. But Aristarchus, who had found out a *double one*, was therefore worthy of double honour.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 217. 218, *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,*] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

Ver. 220. *of Me or Te.*] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written :

I M I T A T I O N S.

Ver. 215 *Roman and Greek Grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Æneid,

*Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!*  
*Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

To found or sink in *cano*, O or A,  
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.  
 Let freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,  
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:  
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,  
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:  
 For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,  
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.

225

## REMARKS.

Had it been about *Meum* and *Tuum*, it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, *Me doctarum bedere præmi frontium*, or, *Te, doctarum bedere*.—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *Meum* and *Tuum*, which is a Mistake: For, as a venerable sage observeth, *Words are the counters of Wise-men, but the money of fools*; so that we see their property was indeed concerned.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. *Or give up Cicero to C or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute, whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it *Hermagoraz*, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken; Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.*—*Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.*

Ver. 223, 224. *Friend—Alsop*] Dr Robert Friend, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. *Manilius or Solinus.*] Some Critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228. *&c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,  
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal ; 239  
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,  
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er,  
 The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,  
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit :  
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235  
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,  
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,  
 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies  
 In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240  
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,  
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod.  
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,  
 And much Divinity without a Νῆς.

## REMARKS.

Ver. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er,*] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

Ver. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Mistress! &c.—In Folly's Cap, &c.*] By this it appears the Dunces and Fops, mentioned ver. 139, 140. had a contention of rivalry for the Goddess's favour on this great day. Those got the start, but these make it up by their Spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair Pupil.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 244. *And much Divinity without a Νῆς.*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view. Νῆς was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *first cause*, and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a Νῆς: such as the Poet after-



For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head  
 With all such reading as was never read: 250

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,  
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it:  
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,  
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What tho' we let some better sort of fool 255  
 Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown  
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.  
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)

Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme. 260

We only furnish what he cannot use,  
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,  
 And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:

Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance, 265  
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.

With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,  
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.

Then take him to devellop, if you can,  
 And hew the Block off, and get out the Man. 270

R E M A R K S.

words and things: communicating, in its obscurity, with *Substance*, and, in its emptiness, with *Names*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 264. *petrify a Genius*] Those who have no Genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences.

Ver. 270. *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Aristotle, that

But wherefore waste I words? I see advance  
 Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.  
 Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,  
 But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275  
 And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:  
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd  
 By the French-horn, or by the op'ning hound.

## REMARKS.

there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.

Ver. 272. *lac'd Governor*] Why *lac'd*? Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this Governor came from France? Know, Why, by the laced coat.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore, and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Ver. 274. *stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer Odyss. xi. where the Ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the Traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the Travelling, and the University tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 276. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.*] Hor.

*Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius atas.*

The first came forwards, with as easy mien,  
 As if he saw St James's and the Queen. 280  
 When thus th' attendant Orator begun,  
 Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:  
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,  
 A dauntless Infant! never scar'd with God.  
 The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake: *in a* 285  
 The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.  
 Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,  
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,

R E M A R K S.

Ver. 280 *As if he saw St. James's*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent Behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. *th' attendant Orator*] The Governor above said. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in presence to so many who equally deserve it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God*] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whose great point is to keep the infant-mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying Names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the Priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finish what the Nurse began. SCRIBL.

Ver. 288. *he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.*] Nature hath bestowed on the human species two states or conditions, *Infancy* and *Manhood*. Wit sometimes makes the *first* disappear and Folly the *latter*; but true Dulness annihilates *both*. For, want of ap-

I M I T A T I O N S.

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant never scar'd with God.*]  
 —*sine Dis animus Infans.* Hor.

Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,  
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past : 290  
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,  
 Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.  
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :  
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.  
 There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295  
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way !  
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,  
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons ;  
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls  
 Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls : 300  
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,  
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines :  
 To Isles of fragrance, lilly-silver'd vales,  
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :

## REMARKS.

*prehension* in Boys, not suffering that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them *assured*; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *assurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 290, 291. *unseen the young Æneas past* :—*Thence bursting glorious,*] See Virg. Æn. i.

*At Venus obscure gradientes aère sepsit,*

*Et multo nebula circum Dea fudit amictu,*

*Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere possit;*

*2. Molirive moram;—aut 3. ventendi poscere causas.*

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no-body might touch or correct him: 2. might stop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guesses why he came there.

Ver. 303. *lilly-silver'd vales,*] *Tuberoses.*



To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305  
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.  
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,  
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps ;  
 Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main  
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310  
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,  
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground ;  
 Saw ev'ry Court, hear'd ev'ry King declare  
 His royal Sense, of Op'ra's or the Fair ;  
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 315  
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;  
 Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,  
 Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd ;  
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store, 319  
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;  
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground ;  
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound !

## REMARKS.

Ver. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps ;* ] The winged Lyon, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce ; now illustrious for her *Carnivals*.

Ver. 318. *greatly-daring din'd ;* ] It being indeed no small risque to eat thro' those extraordinary compositions, whose disguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Ver. 322. *And last turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound !* ] Yet less a Body than Echo itself ; for Echo reflects *Sense* or *Words* at least, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes* :

— *Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.* Ovid. Met.

So that this was not a Metamorphosis either in one or the other, but only a Resolution of the Soul into its true Principles ; its

See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,  
 With nothing but a Solo in his head ;  
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 325  
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit ;  
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,  
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone :  
 See, to my country happy I restore  
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more. 330  
 Her to receive (for her my soul adores)  
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,

## REMARKS.

real Essence being Harmony, according to the Doctrine of Orpheus, the Inventor of Opera, who first performed to a select assembly of Beasts. SCRIBL.

Ver. 324. *With nothing but a Solo in his head ;*] With nothing but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo, how should there be any thing else? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.

BENTL.

Ver. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber,*] Three very eminent persons, all Managers of *Plays*; who, though not Governors by profession had, each in his way, concern'd themselves in the Education of Youth: and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book. i. v. 199, &c.

Ver. 331. *Her too receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on v. 272. that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this Lady.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 332. *So may the sons of sons, &c.*]

*Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.*

Virg.

Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,  
And make a long Posterity thy own.

Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,  
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling fort,  
Unseen at Church, at Segate, or at Court,  
Of ever listless Loit'ers, that attend  
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend. 340

Thee too my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,  
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair.

And heard thy everlasting yaun confess  
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.  
She pity'd! but her Pity only shed 345  
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

REMARKS.

Ver. 341. *Thee too, my Paridel!*] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris*.

Ver. 347. *Annius,*] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack—*

*And heard, &c.]*

*Sedet, æternumque sedebit.*

*Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes  
Admonet—*

Virg.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,  
 And well-difsembled em'rald on his hand,  
 False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,  
 Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.  
 Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep, 351  
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,  
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,  
 So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

## REMARKS.

Ver. 348. *well-difsembled em'rald on his hand*] The Poet seems here, as Wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this useful Member of Society for his *well difsembled em'rald*; whereas in truth it was by that circumstance he should have been commended. This worthy person was, I suppose, a Factor between the poor and rich, to supply these with their imaginary wants, and to relieve those from their real ones. Now I ask how can this Factorage be carried on without well difsembling. The rich Man wants an Em'rald; his want is allowed on all hands to be imaginary. And what fitter for an imaginary want than an imaginary em'rald? For Philosophers agree, that *imagination*s are not to be cured by their contrary *realities*, but to be removed, if troublesome, by other *imagination*s; and these again in their turn, by others. Consider it in another light. An Em'rald, we agree, is an imaginary want; but an Em'rald of Golconda is much more so. Now, if, in a *true Em'rald of France*, the colour, the lustre, and the bulk, be all improv'd, what is wanting in it, that may be thought to concur to that solid happiness, which we find an Em'rald is capable of giving to enlarged, and truly improved Minds? Certainly, nothing but that Golcondical substantial form, which is neither seen, felt, nor understood; a certain *essentiuncula*, or as we may say, *esprit folet*, with which substances had been for many ages possessed, but is lately sneaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor (what is more to the purpose) no longer in fashion. SCRIBL.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,  
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356  
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,  
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.  
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,  
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360  
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,  
 Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,  
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,  
 Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;  
 Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 365  
 And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;

R E M A R K S.

Ver. 355. *still to cheat,*] Some read *skill*; but that is frivolous, for Annus hath that skill already; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons. BENTL.

Ver. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The Owl stamp'd on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

*Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,*  
 is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κόρινθιοι.

Ver. 363. *Attys and Cecrops,*] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all Images; and the story of whose Pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annus's made a counterfeit medal of that Impostor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

I M I T A T I O N S.

Ver. 355.—*grant me still to cheat!*

*O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!*

—*Da, pulchra Laverna,*

*Da mihi fallere—*

*Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.*

Hor.

To heedless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,

Honour a Syrian Prince above his own ;

Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ;

Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.

370

Mummius o'erheard him ; Mummius, Fool-renown'd

Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,

Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd and said,

Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head :

Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes ? Traitor base !

Mine, Goddess ! mine is all the horned race ;

376

#### R E M A R K S.

Ver. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burn'd Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, " that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead : " by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso.

Ver. 371.—*Fool-renown'd*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making Fools*.

Ver. 372. *Cheops*] A King of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius ; for proof of which, he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes ? &c.*] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various Coins, and being pursued by a Corsaire of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed

True, he had wit, to make their value rise;  
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;  
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,  
 When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep. 380  
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,  
 Down his own throat he risqu'd the Græcian gold,  
 Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,  
 Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,  
 I bought them shrouded in that living shrine, 385  
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

## REMARKS.

him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty, he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour first asked him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing such a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 383. *each Demi-God,*] They are called  $\Theta\epsilon\omicron\iota$  on their Coins.

Ver. 387. *Witness great Ammon!*] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *Horns* they wore on their Medals.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God,*]

*Emissumque ima de sede Typhsæa terra  
 Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,  
 Terga fugæ: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus  
 Ceperit—*

Ovid.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore  
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before  
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,  
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 390  
 To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,  
 Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:  
 There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,  
 And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling, seem'd to give consent; 395  
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,  
 A Tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,  
 Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,  
 A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus or a Flow'r. 400  
 But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,  
 And aspect ardent, to the Throne appeal.  
 The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,  
 Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!

## R E M A R K S.

Ver. 394. *Douglas*] A Physician of great Learning and no less Taste; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Ver. 397. *Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,*] The similitude of *Locusts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the *Virtuosi*; who not only devour and lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf in their *Course*, i. e. of experiments; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched. SCRIBL.



Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r 405  
 Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.  
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,  
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head,  
 Then thron'd in 'glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE :  
 Each Maid cry'd, charming! and each Youth, divine!  
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411  
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?  
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:  
 No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine!  
 And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect-lust 415  
 Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.  
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades  
 Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.

R E M A R K S.

Ver. 409. *and nam'd it Caroline:*] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardiner, at Hammersmith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, *This is My Queen Caroline.*

I M I T A T I O N S.

Ver. 405. *Fair from its humble bed, &c. nam'd it Caroline!*  
*Each Maid cry'd, charming! and each Youth, divine!*  
*Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:*  
*No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine!*

These Verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,  
 Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,  
 Multi illum pueri, multe optavere puellæ:  
 Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,  
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.*

He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,  
Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing 421  
Waves to the tepid Zyphers of the spring,  
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,  
Once brightest-shin'd this child of Heat and Air.  
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r 425  
The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r :  
It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;  
It stopt, I stopt ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.  
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,  
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd : 430  
Rose or Carnation, was below my care ;  
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.  
I tell the naked fact without disguise,  
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize ;  
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435  
Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons ! (the answer'd) both have done your parts :  
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race,*] The poet seems to have  
an eye to Spenser, *Muiopotmos*.

*Of all the race of silver-winged Flies  
Which do possess the Empire of the Air.*

Ver. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]

— *I started back,*

*It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon.—*

Milton.

But here a Mother, when she recommends  
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends. 440  
 The common soul of Heav'n's more frugal make,  
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:  
 A drowzy Watchman, that just gives a knock  
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.  
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd; 445  
 The dull may waken to a Humming bird;  
 The most reclusé, discreetly open'd, find  
 Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;  
 The mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,  
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss; 450  
 The head that turns at super-lunar things  
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkin's wings.

Ver. 441. *The common soul, &c.*] in the first Edit. thus,  
 Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make  
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;  
 And most but find that centinel of God,  
 A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.

## REMARKS.

Ver. 440. *our sleeping friends,*] Of whom see v. 345 above.

Ver. 444. *And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock*] i. e. When the feast of life is just over, calls us to think of breaking up; but never watches to prevent the disorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment.

Ver. 452. *a wilderness of Moss;*] Of which the Naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species.

Ver. 452. *Wilkin's wings.*] One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpose.

O! would the Sons of men once think their Eyes  
 And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies!*  
 See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 455  
 And let the Author of the Whole escape:  
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,  
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.  
 Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,  
 Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark; 460  
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day  
 When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,

## R E M A R K S.

Ver. 453. *O! would the sons of men, &c.*] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her Supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the first speech, ver. 119. to her Editors and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine Writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the Educators of Youth she shews them how all Civil Duties may be extinguished in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, she charges the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in Trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true Wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.*

Ver. 459. *a gloomy Clerk,*] The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems.

Ver. 462. *When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See *Craig's Theologic Christianæ*

And damns implicit faith and holy lies,  
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)  
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465  
 On plain Experience lay foundations low,  
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,  
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.  
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,  
 Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride! 470  
 We nobly take the high Priori Road,  
 And reason downward till we doubt of God : —  
 Make Nature still incroach upon his plan :  
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :

## REMARKS.

*Principia Mathematica.* But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago ; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddess ; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

Ver. 471. *the high Priori Road,*] Those who, from the effects in this Visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happiness : whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their End, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.

Ver. 473. *Make Nature still*] This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, Subtile Matter, &c.*

Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;                    475  
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.  
 Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,  
 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause.  
 Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,  
 See all in *Self*, and but for self be born:                    480  
 Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,  
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.  
 Oh hide the God still more! and makes us see  
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God-like Thee:

## REMARKS.

Ver. 475.

*Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place,  
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.]*

The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbs; the third of some succeeding Philosophers.

Ver. 478, &c.

*Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,  
 Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,  
 See all in Self—]*

Here the Poet from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philosophy, descends to those in Moral. Man was made according to *God's Image*; this false Theology, measuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reason*; the next, of imagining himself the Final Cause, is the effect of his *Pride*: as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the *Corruption* of his heart. Hence he centers every thing in *himself*. The Progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness, one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in self*.

Ver. 481. *Of nought so certain as our Reason still,]* Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will:* Two things the most self-evident, the Existence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will.

Ver. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew,]* Lib. i. ver. 57.

*Omnis enim per se Divom natura necessèst  
 Immortali aeo summa eum pace fruatur,*

Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, 485  
 Regardless of our Merit or Default.

Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,  
 Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,

## REMARKS.

*Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe—  
 Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddeſs. SCRIBL.

Ver. 487. *Or that bright Image]* *Bright Image* was the Title given by the later Platonists to that Vision of *Nature*, which they had form'd out of their own fancy, so bright, that they called it *Αὐτοπλον* "Αἴχμα, or the *Self seen Image*, i. e. seen by its own light.

This *Ignis fatuus* has in these our times appeared again in the North; and the writings of *Hutchefon*, *Geddes*, and their followers, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *Self seen Image*, these second-sighted philosophers see every thing else. SCRIBL.

Ver. 488. *Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,*] Thus this Philosopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions:

“ To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun  
 “ With his first Beams adorns the front  
 “ Of yonder Hill, if you're content  
 “ To wander with me in the Woods you see,  
 “ We will pursue those Loves of ours,  
 “ By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

“ and invoking first the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try to obtain  
 “ at least some faint and distant view of the *Sovereign Genius*  
 “ and *first Beauty*.” *Charact.* Vol. ii. pag. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (pag. 345.) by the same Philosopher:

“ — O glorious *Nature* !  
 “ Supremely fair, and sovereignly good !  
 “ All-loving, and all lovely! all divine !  
 “ Wise Substitute of Providence! *impower'd*  
 “ *Creatress!* or *impow'ring Deity,*  
 “ *Supreme Creator!*  
 “ Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

While thro' Poetic scenes the Genius roves,  
 Or wanders wild in Academic Groves ;  
 That NATURE our Society adores,  
 Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores.

490

## REMARKS.

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.] — *Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum et Natura.*

Ver. 489, 90. *roves*,— *Or wanders wild in Academic Groves* ;] “ Above all things I loved *Ease*, and of all Philosophers those “ who reasoned most at *their Ease*, and were never angry or disturbed, as those called *Sceptics* never were. I looked upon “ this kind of Philosophy as the *prettiest, agreeablest, roving Exercise of the mind*, possible to be imagined.” Vol. ii. p. 206.

Ver. 491. *That Nature our Society adores*,] See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by *Toland*, which very lately, for the Edification of the *Society*, has been translated into English, and sold by the Bookfellers of London and Westminster.

Ver. 492. *Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores*.] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against Atheism was well intended. But how must the Reader smile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a Wolf in England as an *Atheist*? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the author of the *Atchievement*. Some, as Dr Ashenhurst, gave it to Bentley's *Boylean Lectures*. And he so well convinced that great Man of his merit, that, wherever afterwards he found *Atheist*, he always read it *A Theist*. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a later *Boylean Lecturer*. A judicious Apologist for Dr Clarke, against Mr Whiston, says, with no less elegance, than positiveness of Expression, *It is a most certain truth, that the Demonstration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and banished Atheism out of the Christian world*, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the



Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,  
 And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of Fire;  
 Then snapt his box, and stroak'd his belly down:  
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown. 496  
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,  
 Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*.  
 Then thus. From Priest-craft happily set free,  
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee: 500  
 First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,  
 Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;  
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,  
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.  
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505  
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen?

## REMARKS.

two Hercules's was the Monster-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so *certain*, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Silenus*] Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that Philosophy in his drink.

Ver. 494. *seeds of Fire* ;] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi. *Semina ignis—semina flammæ*.

Ver. 501. *First slave to words, &c.*] A Recapitulation of the whole Course of modern Education described in this book, which confines Youth to the study of *Words* only in Schools; subjects them to the authority of *Systems* in the Universities; and deludes them with the names of *Party distinctions* in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole Principle of Action.

Ver. 506. *smil'd on by a Queen*.] i. e. This Queen or Goddess of Dulness,

Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,  
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth ;  
 Now to thy shade from all their glory shrunk,  
 All melted down, in Pension or in Punk! 510  
 So K\*, so B\*\* sneak'd into the grave,  
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.  
 Poor W \*\* nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,  
 Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.  
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast; 515  
 Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.  
 With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends,  
 Which who so tastes, forgets his former friends,

## REMARKS.

Ver. 517. *With that, a Wizard old, &c.*] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddess, which the Poet in his Invocation, ver. 5. promised to sing. For when now each Aspirant, as was the custom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the HIGH-PRIEST of Dulness first initiateth the Assembly by the usual way of *Libation*. And then each of the Initiated, as was always required, putteth on a *new Nature*, described in v. 530. *Firm Impudence, and Stupefaction mild*, which the Ancient Writers on the *Mysteries* call τῆς ψυχῆς ἔρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the High-Priest and Goddess have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his Conductor, an inferior Minister or *Hierophant*, whose names are *Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-interest, Pleasure, Epicurism, &c.* to lead them thro' the several apartments of her *Mystic Dome or Palace*. When all this is over, the sovereign Goddess, from ver. 565 to 600, conferreth her *Titles and De-*

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 518. *Which who so tastes, forgets his former friends—Sire, &c.*] Homer of the *Nepenthe*, *Odyss* iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον  
 Νηπενθῆς τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίκηθον ἀπάνιστον.

Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes  
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies.

520

A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,  
Extracts his brain, and Principle is fled,  
Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;  
And nothing left but Homage to a King!

## REMARKS.

*grees*; rewards inseparably attendant on the *participation* of the *Mysteries*; which made the ancient *Theon* say of them—*κάλλισα μὲν ἔν, ἔ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν, τὸ Μυστηρίων μελέχεν*. Hence being enriched with so many various Gifts and Graces, *Initiation* into the *Mysteries* was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in Church or State. Lastly, the great Mother, the *Bona Dea*, shutteth up the Solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her Children to rest. It is to be observed, that *DULNESS*, before this her Restoration, had her Possessors *in Partibus*; who from time to time held her *Mysteries* in secret, and with great privacy. But now, on her Re-establishment, she celebrateth them, like those of the *Cretans* (the most ancient of all *Mysteries*) in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men

*Ibid. his Cup—Which who so tastes, &c.] The Cup of Self-love*, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendship, or Honour; and of the Service of God, or our Country; all sacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of Lucre and brutal Pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.

Ver. 518 - *-forgets his former Friends,*] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an *useless* friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect: and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it.

SCRIBEL.

Ver. 523, 524, *Lost is his God, his Country—And nothing left but homage to a King*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous *Monf. de la Bruyere* declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy: "Where

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, 525

To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs:

But, sad example ! never to escape,

Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child

Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild ; 530

And strait succeeded, leaving Shame no room,

Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her Glass applies,

Which no one looks in with another's eyes.

But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint, 535

Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

#### R E M A R K S.

(says he) *there is no such thing as Love of our Country, the Interest, the Glory, and Service of the Prince, supply its place.*" *De la Republique*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* Author speaks, indeed a little more disrespectfully ; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, " L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une Chimère ; l'idée du Service du Roi, étendue jusqu' à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame & Fidelité." *Boullainvilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France*, &c.

Ver. 529. *But she, good Goddess, &c.*] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dullness ; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to some, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of Interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle Pleasures or Sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under Allegorical persons.

Ver. 532. *Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.*] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Collegues. The *Cibberian forehead* being to fit them for Self-conceit, Self-Interest, &c. and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the Pleasures of Opera and the Table.

On others Int'rest her gay Liv'ry flings,  
 Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:  
 Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,  
 And as she turns the Colours fall or rise. 540

Others, the Syren Sisters warble round,  
 And empty heads console with empty sound.  
 No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,  
 The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.  
 Great C\*\*, H\*\*, P\*\*, R\*\*, K\*, 545  
 Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing;  
 How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule:  
 The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest succinct in Anice white  
 Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550  
 Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,  
 And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn.  
 The board with specious miracles he loads,  
 Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

## REMARKS.

Ver. 544. *The balm of Dulness*] The true *Balm of Dulness*, called by the Greek Physicians *Κολακία*, is a *Sovereign* remedy against Inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddess herself. Its ancient Dispensators were *her Poets*; and for that reason our Author, Book ii. ver. 207. calls it, the *Poet's healing balm*: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the *Clergy*, as appears from several places of this poem: And by ver. 534, 535, it seems as if the *Nobility* had it made up in their own houses. This, which *Opera* is here said to administer, is but a spurious sort. See my *Dissertation on the Silphium of the Antients*. BENTL.

Ver. 553. *The board with specious Miracles he loads, &c.* Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says

- Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555  
 Explains the *Seve and Verdeur* of the Vine.  
 What cannot copious Sacrifice attone?  
 Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!  
 With French libation and Italian strain,  
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560

## REMARKS.

he) according to Horace, were the monstrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mentioned, of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly; nay it is expressly said, that *all Flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a *Priest*, and soon after called a *Sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *Libation and Song*.

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of *French Cookery*, and that particularly *Pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish.

Ver. 556. *Seve and Verdeur*] French Terms relating to Wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

*Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur*

*Villandri prîseroit sa Seve & sa Verdeur.*

Dépreaux.

St Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a *good Table*, and particularly to be attentive to these *Qualities* in his Champagne.

Ver. 560. *Bladen—Hays's*] Names of Gamblers. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in the 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables, frequented by persons of the first

Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone  
To three essential Partridges in one!

Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,  
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565

The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*.

Her Children first of more distinguish'd sort,

Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,

### REMARKS.

Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid *Bladen, &c.*) The former Note of *Bladen* is a black man, is very absurd. The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been *Wash Blackmores white*, alluding to a known Proverb.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 567.

*Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,  
Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court.]*

Ill would that Schollast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has distinguished: or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cause, by one Mr Thomas EDWARDS, a Gentleman, as he is pleas'd to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the *Dunciad*; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such Mushrooms, *A Gentleman of the last Edition*: who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespear*, and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good nature and politeness of *Cassius* in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's* progress in personal abuse. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grubstreet Critic run to Seed

Lamentable is the Dulness of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. This *Fungoso* and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting on his birth in the words, *a Gentleman of the last Edition*, which we hereby declare concern not his birth but his adoption only: And mean no more than

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profess,  
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

570

Some deep Free-Masons, join the silent race  
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :

Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,  
Or issue Members of an Annual feast.

Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one  
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

575

## R E M A R K S.

that he is become a *Gentleman of the last Edition of the Dunciad*. Since Gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr Thomas Edwards's Ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side.

SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our Poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

*A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead.*

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good Education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless Band

*Of ever listless Loit'ers, that attend*

*No cause, no trust, no duty, and no Friend.*

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of civil life, and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of social, become fit for nothing: And so turn *Wits* and *Critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. *Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race*] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race: He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *Humming Bird* or a *Cockie*, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons, where *Taciturnity* is the only essential Qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. *A Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of Lay brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-Masons.



The last, not least in honour or applause,  
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then blessing all, Go Children of my care!

To Practice now from Theory repair, 580  
All my commands are easy, short, and full :  
My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.  
Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :  
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

### R E M A R K S.

Ver. 581.

*All my commands are easy, short, and full :*

*My Sons! be proud, be selfish and be dull.]*

We should be unjust to the reign of *Dulness* not to confess that her's has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in Modern Governments, which is, that the public *Education* of her Youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her *Laws*, and the exertion of those *Virtues* she recommends. For what makes men *prouder* than the empty *knowledge of Words*; -what more *selfish* than the Free thinker's *System of Morals*; or duller than the profession of true *Virtuosity*? Nor are her *Institutions* less admirable in themselves, than in the fitness of these their several relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her Sons, and with great truth, that "all her commands are *easy, short, and full*." For is any thing in nature more *easy* than the exertion of *Pride*; more *short* and *simple* than the principle of *Selfishness*; or more *full* and *ample* than the sphere of *Dulness*? Thus Birth, Education, and wise Policy, all concurring to support the throne of our Goddess, great must be the strength thereof.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 584 *each Privilege your own, &c.*] This speech of *Dulness* to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence, and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of *Dul-*

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace;      585  
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race;  
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,  
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer, the Sun;  
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,  
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line;      590  
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;  
 The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;  
 The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)  
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;  
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,      595  
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.

## R E M A R K S.

ness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. *The Cap and Switch, &c.*] The Goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, *John of Leiden*, King of Munster, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdolling*, General of his Horse and Hangman. And had but fortune seconded his great schemes of Reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole Household on the same reasonable footing. SØRIBL.

Ver. 590. *Arachne's subtle line;*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the Phil. Trans.

Ver. 591. *The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;*] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn Dance, intitled *A call of Sergeants*.

Others import yet nobler arts from France,  
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.  
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,  
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more : 600  
 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things  
 Born for first Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,  
 Tyrant supreme ! shall three Estates command,  
 And make one mighty Dunciad of the Land.

More she had spoke, but yawn'd : All Nature nods :  
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods ? 606  
 Churches and Chaples instantly it reach'd,  
 St James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd :

## REMARKS.

Ver. 598. *Teach Kings to fiddle*] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes. (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero ; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican.—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. *What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods!*] This verse is truly Homerial; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the *Odyssey*.—It may indeed seem a very singular Epitasis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn*; but we must consider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *Roar*; but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem.

Ver. 607. *Churches and Chapels, &c.*] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not: Next Westminster hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddesses: Then the Convocation, which tho' extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot:

Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;  
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak : 610  
 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,  
 While the long solemn Unison went round :  
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;  
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm :  
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept ; 615  
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept ;  
 And Chief-less Armies doz'd out the Campaign ;  
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.]

## REMARKS.

Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *lost* (that is to say *suspended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (tho' as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, tho' ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

Ver. 610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak :*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned Scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware Reader, lest thou take this *Gap* for a *Yawn*, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the Convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the Goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a *Gag* into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gapping*; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice unchecked and despised. BENTL.

Ver. 615. 618 ] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,  
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 620  
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;  
 Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest;  
 What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,  
 The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;

## REMARKS.

Ver. 620. *Wits have short Memories,*] This seems to be the reason why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad* ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἔκ ἀν' ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι ἔδ' ὀνομήνω,  
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες, Μῆσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο  
 Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαδ'—

And Virgil. *Æn.* vii.

*Et meministis enim, Divæ, & memorare potestis:  
 Ad nos vix tenuis fama perlabitur aura.*

But our Poet had another reason for putting this Task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed.

Ver. 624. *The Venal quiet, and, &c.*] It were a Problem worthy the solution of that profound Scholiast, Mr Upton himself (and perhaps not of less importance than some of those weighty questions so long disputed amongst Homer's Scholiasts) to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to *intrance the Dull*, or to *quiet the Venal*. For though the *Venal* may be more unruly than the *Dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*.  
 SCRIBL.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 621. *Relate who first, who last resign'd to rest;  
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.]*  
*Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virgo  
 Dejicis? aut quot humi, morientia corpora fundis? VIRG.*

'Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and  
Wrong.—— 625

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

\* \* \* \* \*

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour  
Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the Pow'r.  
She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold  
Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old! 630  
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,  
And all its varying rain-bows die away.  
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,  
The Meteor drops and in a flash expires.  
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain 635  
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;  
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress,  
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;  
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,  
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night. 640  
See skulking Truth to her old Cavern fled,  
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!

#### REMARKS.

Ver. 641. *Truth to her old Cavern fled,*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler says, *He first put her in, before he drew her out.*

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.*]

*Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,  
Parte tamen vigilat—*

—*Vidit Cyllenius omnes*

*Suceubuisse acaulos, &c.*

Ovid. Met. ii.

Book IV. THE DUNCIAD. 275

Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,  
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.  
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence, 645  
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense ;  
See Mystery to Mathematics fly !  
In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.  
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires ;  
And unawares Morality expires. 950  
Nor public Flame, nor private dares to shine ;  
Nor human spark is left nor Glimpse divine.  
Lo ! thy dread Empire, Chaos ! is restor'd ;  
Light dies before thy uncreating word :  
Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall ; 655  
And Universal Darkness buries All.

The END of the FOURTH BOOK.







By the AUTHOR  
A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, \* beginning with the words

\* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood; Read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand, seven hundred, and fifty-six verses*," instead of "*one thousand and*

The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily with our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day  
of January, in the year of our Lord One  
thousand, seven hundred, thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,  
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

“*twelve* lines;” such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents, of this poem.

Thou art to know, Reader! that the first Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author, (though living and not blind :) The Editor himself confessed as much in his Preface: And no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly suppressed whole Passages, yea the entire last book, as the Editor of Paradise lost, added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his Editor *twelve*; this Author gave *four* books, his Editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

## A P P E N D I X.

## I.

## P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the  
D U N C I A D, in three Books, printed at  
DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo,  
1727.

The PUBLISHER\* to the READER.

**I**T will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat  
surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against  
a man of the highest distinction and character, either  
in the state or in literature, the public in general afford  
it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept  
it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to

\* *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to *Durgen*, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but "Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their *Miscellanies*) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or block-head but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scriblers, bookfellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with † pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the Number of Poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common News-papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled Licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common Enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the bookfellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his design.

† *pamphlets, advertisements, &c.*] See the List of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors, annexed, inserted before the Poem.

essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a † hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages); of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is, the || author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most

† *about a hundred thousand*] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr Pope, p. 9.) "Tho' I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those *vain glorious* incumbrances of Notes and Remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling Passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of Praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

|| *The author of the following poem, &c.*] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked \* no man living, who had not before printed, or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possess'd of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detain'd the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly † nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: For, if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a labour'd (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

\* The publisher in these words went a little too far: But it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly intitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

† *there is certainly nothing in his style, &c.*] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six \* years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

*O mihi bisseos multum vigilata per annos,  
Duncia †!*

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

#### The D U N C I A D.

\* *the labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney. "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, pref. to Durgen, "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time, and closeness of application, were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the Poem.

† The prefacer to Curl's Key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so ; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such ; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may raise some obscurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem*. I should judge that they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day ; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them ; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names ; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr T. Mr E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him



a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

## II.

## A LIST of

## BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the *DUNCIAD*; with the true Names of the Authors.

**R**EFLLECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, *An Essay on Criticism*. By Mr Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 *d*.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 *s*.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett, esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 *d*.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 *d*.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1 *d*.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning

the said Iliad. By George Ducket esq; printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, supervised by Mr Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Poping, 1716, price 3 *d*.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 *s*.

Remarks upon Mr Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr Dennis, printed for E. Curl. 1717, price 1 *s* 6 *d*.

Satyrs on the translators of Homer, Mr P. and Mr T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 *d*.

The Triumvirate: or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, Folio, price 1 *s*.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, oct. 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S—— and P——, in a late Miscellany octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr Dennis; written in 1724, tho' not printed till 1728, octavo.

*Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public Prints.*

British Journal, November 25. 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily journal March 18. 1728. A Letter by Philo-mauri. James Moore Smith.

*Id.* March 29. A Letter about Therfites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr P. [by Mr Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope, By Mr Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr Swift, and against Mr P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 24. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, intituled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr Pope and Swift's and Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an older date, having lain as waste Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Bookfellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner.—“ The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad.)  
 “ An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. Ducket (for which he is put into the Dunciad.)  
 “ Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this Book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.) And so of others.

*After the Dunciad, 1728.*

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9 it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid Libels and Advertisements was forged and untrue: that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl 12mo, price 6*d.*

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6*d.*

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr Curl, 12mo, price 6*d.* With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr Foxston, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6*d.*

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present  
VOL III. P p

times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter sign'd W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter sign'd Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr Theobald, in verse, sign'd B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smadley. Advertised

in the *Craftsman*, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that “*any thing which any body should send as Mr Pope’s or Dr Swift’s, should be inserted and published as theirs.*”

Pope Alexander’s supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis; quarto.

Dean Jonathan’s Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted’s own name, under the just title of *Dulness and Scandal*; folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-’squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr Cibber to Mr Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

## III.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes,  
in Quarto, 1729.

**I**T will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the *DUNCIAD*, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it; but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to be let



into, tho' the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *Persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the Parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from

the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

## IV.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the FIRST EDITION of

The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD, when printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *Library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it*: And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad*. But whether or no he be the author

Of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, tho' perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: In which we also promise to insert any *Criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *Names* of the *Authors*; or any letters sent us (tho' not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasent addition to the future impressions of this poem.

## V.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I Have long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general appro-

bation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr *Cleland*, Dr *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of Personal Reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable Hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the Hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this Post, as has since obtained the *Laurel*: But since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author: This person was one, who, from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *Vanity*; and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it*.

W. W.

## VI.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

**W**Hereas, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse*: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these Gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *Wit*, or *Poet*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr *Dennis singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A

P A R A L L E L

O F T H E

C H A R A C T E R S

O F

Mr DRYDEN and Mr POPE.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr DRYDEN,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

**M**R Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense <sup>a</sup>. A true republican son of monarchical Church <sup>b</sup>. A republican Atheist <sup>c</sup>. Dryden was from the beginning an *ἄλλοπρόσαλλος*, and I doubt not will continue so the last <sup>d</sup>.

In the Poem called *Abalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable persons expos'd, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libell'd. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself <sup>e</sup>.

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like

<sup>a</sup> Milbourn on Dryden's  
Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.

<sup>b</sup> Pag. 38.

<sup>c</sup> Pag. 192.

<sup>d</sup> Pag. 8.

<sup>e</sup> Whip and Key, 4to.  
printed for R. Janeway, 1682.  
Preface.

## VII.

A

## P A R A L L E L

O F T H E

## C H A R A C T E R S

O F

Mr P O P E and Mr D R Y D E N.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr P O P E,

His P O L I T I C S, R E L I G I O N, M O R A L S.

**M**R Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning<sup>a</sup>. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent<sup>b</sup>. Pope, as a Papist, must be a tory and high flyer<sup>c</sup>. He is both a whig and tory<sup>d</sup>.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments<sup>e</sup>.

In his Miscellanies, the Persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Establish'd CHURCH, the present Mr-

<sup>a</sup> Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.

<sup>b</sup> Dunciad dissected.

<sup>c</sup> Preface to Gulliveriana.

<sup>d</sup> Dennis, Character of Mr P.

<sup>e</sup> Theobald, Letter in Mill's Journal, June 22. 1728.

the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor <sup>f</sup>. His very christianity may be questioned <sup>g</sup>. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others <sup>h</sup>. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility <sup>i</sup>.

#### Mr DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre <sup>k</sup>. Mr Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question <sup>l</sup>.

#### Mr DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admir'd in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil <sup>m</sup>; and none but such unthinking Vermin admire his Translator <sup>n</sup>. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art or Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions; not an ambling Muse running on Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket

<sup>f</sup> Ibid.

<sup>g</sup> Milbourn, p. 9.

<sup>h</sup> Ibid. p. 175.

<sup>i</sup> Pag. 39.

<sup>k</sup> Whip and Key, Pref.

<sup>l</sup> Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.

<sup>m</sup> Milbourn, p. 2.

<sup>n</sup> Pag. 35.



NISTRY, &c. To make Sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL<sup>f</sup>.

He is a Popish Rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings<sup>g</sup>. His Religion allows him to destroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles<sup>h</sup>. It deserved Vengeance to suggest, that Mr Pope had less Infallibility than his Namesake at Rome<sup>i</sup>.

#### Mr P O P E only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit<sup>k</sup>. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse<sup>l</sup>.

#### Mr P O P E's H O M E R.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a Hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some Bog for his Hippocrene<sup>m</sup>. He has no Admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge<sup>n</sup>.

<sup>f</sup> List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.

<sup>g</sup> Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

<sup>h</sup> Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

<sup>i</sup> Dedication to the Collec-

tion of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9.

<sup>k</sup> Mist's Journal of June 8. 1728.

<sup>l</sup> Character of Mr P. and Dennis on Hom.

<sup>m</sup> Dennis's Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

<sup>n</sup> Ibid. p. 14.

racer.—He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression °.

Mr DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr Busby would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase p. The meanest Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly q. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity r. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr Dryden did not, or would not understand his Author s. This shews how fit Mr D. may be to translate *Homer*! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but εἰχων for ἰχων must be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press t. Mr Dryden writes for the Court-Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use u.

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated Subscribers w.

Mr DRYDEN trick'd his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will

o Pag. 22, and 192.

p Milbourn, p. 72.

q Pag. 203.

r Pag. 78.

s Pag. 206.

t Pag. 19.

u Pag. 144. 190.

w Pag. 67.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Versification.—But this little Author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his Thoughts, nor English in his Expressions <sup>o</sup>.

Mr P O P E understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little <sup>p</sup>. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, should it be discover'd, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek <sup>q</sup>. He has stuck so little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek call'd in question <sup>r</sup>. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies <sup>s</sup>.

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it <sup>t</sup>.

Mr P O P E trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious,

<sup>o</sup> Character of Mr P. p 17. 1728.  
and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

<sup>p</sup> Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

<sup>q</sup> Daily Jour. April 23.

<sup>r</sup> Suppl. to the Profund, Pref.

<sup>s</sup> Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.

<sup>t</sup> Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.

be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated Name <sup>x</sup>. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr Drydens Motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets <sup>y</sup>.

Names bestowed on Mr DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty Ape dressed up in gawdy gown  
—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with  
—None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him <sup>z</sup>.

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all <sup>a</sup>.

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an Ox <sup>b</sup>.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr Dryden's own Courage <sup>c</sup>.

A KNAVE.] Mr Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ: And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majesty <sup>d</sup>.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool <sup>e</sup>.  
—Some great Poets are positive Blockheads <sup>f</sup>.

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr Dryden <sup>g</sup>.

x Pag. 192.

y Pag. 125.

z Whip and Key, Pref.

a Milbourn, p. 105.

b Pag. 11.

c Pag. 176.

d Pag. 57.

e Whip and Key, Pref.

f Milbourn, p. 34.

g Ibid. p. 35.

for a single man to undertake such a work: But 'tis too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the Project. The Subscribers expectations have been rais'd in proportion to what their Pockets have been drain'd of <sup>u</sup>. Pope has been concern'd in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Bookfellers <sup>w</sup>.

## Names bestow'd on Mr P O P E.

AN APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, *viz.* A P E, and they give you the same Idea of an Ape as his Face <sup>x</sup>, &c.

AN ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass <sup>y</sup>.

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature that, like the Frog in the Fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allow'd to be as big as an Ox <sup>z</sup>.

A COWARD.] A lurking way-laying coward <sup>a</sup>.

A KNAVE. He is one whom God and nature have mark'd for want of common honesty <sup>b</sup>.

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be christen'd by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be call'd Homer <sup>c</sup>.

A THING.] A little abject Thing <sup>d</sup>.

VOL. III.

K r

<sup>u</sup> Homerides, p 1, &c.

<sup>w</sup> British Journ. Nov. 25.

1727.

<sup>x</sup> Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11. 1728.

<sup>y</sup> Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref.

<sup>z</sup> Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9.

<sup>a</sup> Char. of Mr P. pa. 3.

<sup>b</sup> Ibid.

<sup>c</sup> Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37.

<sup>d</sup> Ibid. p. 8.

# I N D E X

O F

Persons celebrated in this *Poem*.

The first number shews the *BOOK*, the second  
the *VERSE*.

## A

- A** MBROSE Philips, i. 105. iii. 326.  
Attila, iii. 92.  
Alaric, iii. 91.  
Alma Mater, iii. 338.  
Annius, an Antiquary, iv. 347.  
Arnall, William, ii. 315.

## B

- BLACKMORE, Sir Richard, i. 104. ii. 268.  
Besaleel Morris, ii. 126. iii. 168.  
Banks, i. 146.  
Broome, *ibid*.  
Bond, ii. 126.  
Brown, iii. 28.  
Bladen, iv. 560.  
Budgel, Esq. ii. 397.  
Bentley, Richard, iv. 201.  
Bentley, Thomas, ii. 205.  
Boyer Abel, ii. 413.  
Bland, a Gazetteer, i. 231.  
Breval, J. Durant, ii. 126, 238.  
Benlowes, iii. 21.  
Bavius, *ibid*.  
Burmannus, iv. 237.  
Benson, William, Esq. iii. 325. iv. 110.  
Burgeldyck, iv. 198.

- Bœotians, iii. 50.  
 Bruin and Bears, i. 101.  
 Bear and Fiddle, i. 224.

## C

- CIBBER, Colley. Hero of the Poem, *passim*.  
 Cibber jun. iii. 139, 326.  
 Caxton William, i. 149.  
 Curll, Edm. i. 40. ii. 3. 58. 167, &c.  
 Cooke, Thomas, ii. 138.  
 Concanen, Matthew, ii. 299.  
 Centlivre, Sufannah, ii. 411.  
 Cæsar in Egypt, i. 251.  
 Chi Ho-am-ti, Emperor of China, iii. 75.  
 Crouzaz, iv. 198.  
 Codrus, ii. 144.

## D

- DE FOE, Daniel, i. 103. ii. 147.  
 De Foe, Norton, ii. 415.  
 De Lyra, or Harpsfield, i. 153.  
 Dennis, John, i. 106. ii. 239, iii. 173.  
 Duntou, John, ii. 144.  
 Durfey, iii. 146.  
 Dutchmen, ii. 405. iii. 51.  
 Doctors, at White's, i. 203.  
 Douglas, iv. 394.

## E

- EUSDEN, Laurence, Poet Laureate, i. 104.  
 Eliza Haywood, ii. 157, &c.

## F

- FLECKNO, Richard, ii. 2.  
 Faustus, Dr. iii. 233.  
 Fleetwood, iv. 326.  
 Free Mafons, iv. 576.  
 French Cooks, iv. 553.

## G

- GILDON. Charles, i. 296.

Goode, Barn. iii. 153.  
 Goths, iii. 90.  
 Gazetteers, i. 215. ii. 314.  
 Gregorians and Gormogons, iv. 575.

## H

HOLLAND, Philemon, i. 154.  
 Hearne, Thomas, iii. 185.  
 Horneck, Philip, ii. 152.  
 Haywood. Eliza, ii. 157, &c.  
 Howard, Edward, i. 297.  
 Henley, John, the Orator, ii. 2. 425. iii. 199, &c.  
 Huns, iii. 90.  
 Heywood, John, i. 98.  
 Harpsfield, i. 153.  
 Hays, iv. 560.

## J

JOHN, King, i. 252.  
 James I, iv. 176.  
 Jacob, Giles, iii. 149.  
 Jansen, a gamester, iv. 326.

## K

KNIGHT, Robert, iv. 561.  
 Kuster, iv. 237.

## L

LINTOT, Bernard, i. 40. ii. 53.  
 Laws, William, ii. 413.  
 Log, King, i. lin. ult.

## M

MORE, James, ii. 50, &c.  
 Morris, Besaleel, ii. 126. iii. 168.  
 Miff, Nathanael, i. 208.  
 Milbourn, Luke, ii. 349.  
 Mahomet, iii. 97.  
 Mears, William, ii. 125. iii. 28.  
 Motteux, Peter, ii. 412.



Monks, iii. 52.  
 Mandevil, ii. 414.  
 Morgan, *ibid.*  
 Montalto, iv. 105.  
 Mummius, an antiquary, iv. 371.

## N

Newcastle, Duchefs of, i. 141.  
 Nonjuror, i. 253.

## O

OGILBY, John, i. 141. 328.  
 Oldmixon, John, ii. 283.  
 Ozell, John, i. 285.  
 Ostrogoths, iii. 93.  
 Omar, the Caliph, iii. 81.  
 Owls, i. 271, 290. iii. 54.  
 Owls, Athenian, iv. 362.  
 Osborne, bookseller, ii. 167.  
 Osborne, Mother, ii. 312.

## P

PRYNN, William, i. 103.  
 Philips, Ambrose, i. 105. iii. 326.  
 Paridel, iv. 341.

## Q

QUARLES, Francis, i. 140.  
 Querno, Camillo, ii. 15.

## R

RALPH, James, i. 216. iii. 165.  
 Roome, Edward, iii. 152.  
 Ripley, Tho. iii. 327.  
 Ridpath, George, i. 208. ii. 149.  
 Roper, Abel, ii. 149.  
 Rich, iii. 261.

## S

SETTLE, Elkanah, i. 90. 146. iii. 37.  
 Smedley, Jonathan, ii. 291, &c.

Shadwell, Thomas, i. 240. iii. 22.  
 Scholiasts, iv. 231.  
 Silenus, iv. 492.  
 Sooterkins, i. 126.

## T

TATE, i. 105. 238.  
 Theobald, or Tibbald, i. 133. 286.  
 Tutchin, John, ii. 148  
 Toland, John, ii. 399. iii. 212.  
 Tindal, Dr, ii. 399. iii. 212. iv. 492.  
 Taylor, John, the Water-poet.

## V

VANDALS, iii. 86.  
 Visigoths, iii. 94.

## W

WALPOLE, [late Sir Robert] praised by our Author,  
 ii. 314.  
 Withers, George, i. 296.  
 Wynkin de Werde, i. 149.  
 Ward, Edward, i. 233. iii. 34.  
 Webster, ii. 258.  
 Whitfield, *ibid*.  
 Warner, Thomas, ii. 125.  
 Wilkins, *ibid*.  
 Welsted, Leonard, ii. 207. iii. 170.  
 Woolston, Thomas, iii. 212.  
 Wormius, iii. 188.  
 Wasse, iv. 237.  
 Walker, Hat-bearer to Bentley, iv. 206. 273.

I N D E X  
O F  
M A T T E R S

Contained in this

POEM and NOTES.

[The first Number denotes the Book, the second the VERSE and NOTE on it. *Test.* Testimonies *Ap.* Appendix.]

**A**DDISSON (Mr.) rail'd at by A. Philips, iii. 326.  
— — Abused by J. Oldmixon, in his Prose-Essay on Criticism, &c. ii. 283.

— by J. Ralph in a London Journal, iii. 165.

— Celebrated by our author, — — Upon his discourse of Medals—In his Prologue to Cato—In his Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus—and in this Poem, ii. 140.

False Facts concerning him and our Author related by anonymous Persons in Mist's Journal, &c. *Test.*

— Disproved by the testimonies of

--- The Earl of Burlington,

--- Mr Tickel,

--- Mr Addison himself, *ib.*

Anger, one of the characteristics of Mr Dennis's Critical writings, i. 106.

— — Affirmation, another : *Test.*

[To which are added by Mr Theobald, Ill-nature, Spite, Revenge, i. 106.]

Altar of Cibber's works, how built, and how founded, i. 157, &c.

Æschylus, iii. 313.

Asses, at a Citizen's gate in a morning, ii. 247.

Appearances, that we are never to judge by them, especially of Poets and Divines, ii. 426.

Alchouse, the Birth-place of Mr Cook, ii. 138.

———one kept by Edw. Ward, i. 233.

———and by Taylor the Water-poet, iii. 19.

ARNAL, William, what he received out of the Treasury for writing Pamphlets, ii. 315.

ARISTOTLE, his friends and Confessors, whom, iv. 192.

———How his Ethics came into disuse, *ib.*

## B

BEDLAM, i. 29.

BANKS, his Resemblance to Mr Cibber in Tragedy, i. 146.

BATES (Julius) see HUTCHINSON (John)

BROOM, Ben Johnson's man, *ibid.*

BAVIUS, iii. 24. Mr Dennis his great opinion of him, *ib.*

Bawdry, in Plays, not disapproved of by Mr Dennis, iii. 179.

BLACKMORE, (Sir Rich.) his Impiety and Irreligion, proved by Mr Dennis, ii. 268.

———His Quantity of works, and various Opinions of them—His abuse of Mr Dryden and Mr Pope, *ibid.*

Bray, a word much beloved by Sir Richard, ii. 260.

Braying, described, ii. 247.

Birch, by no means proper to be applied to young Noblemen, iii. 334.

BL—D, what became of his works, i. 231.

BROOME, (Rev. Mr Wil.) His sentiments of our author's virtue, *Test.*

—————Our author of his, iii. 332.

Brooms (a feller of) taught Mr John Jackson his trade, ii. 137.

Billingsgate language how to be used by learned Authors, ii. 142.

BOND, BEZALEEL, BREVAL, not living Writers, but Phantoms, ii. 126.

Booksellers, how they run for a Poet, ii. 31, &c.

Bailiffs, how poets run from them, ii. 61.

Bridewell, ii. 269.

Bow-bell, iii. 278.

Balm of Dulness, the true and the spurious, its efficacy, and by whom prepared, iv. 544.

## C

CIBBER, Hero of the Poem, his Character, i. 107. not absolutely stupid, 109, not unfortunate as a Coxcomb, *ib.* Not a slow writer, but precipitate, tho' heavy, 123. His productions the Effects of Heat, tho' an imperfect one, 126. His folly heightened with Frenzy, 125. He borrowed from Fletcher and Moliere, 131. Mangled Shakespear, 133. His Head distinguished for wearing an extraordinary Periwig, 167, more than for its reasoning Faculty, yet not without Furniture, 177. His Elasticity and Fire, and how he came by them, 186. He was once thought to have wrote a reasonable Play, 188. The general character of his Verse and Prose, 190. His Conversation, in what manner extensive and

- useful 192, &c. Once design'd for the Church, where he should have been a Bishop, 200. Since inclined to write for the Minister of State, 213. but determines to stick to his other talents, what those are, 217, &c. His Apostrophe to his Works before he burns them, 225, &c. His Repentance and tears, 243. Dulness puts out the Fire, 257. Inaugurates and anoints him, 287. His Crown, by whom woven, 223. of what composed, i. 303. who let him into Court, 300. who his Supporters, 307. His Entry, Attendants, and Proclamation, *usque ad fin.* His Enthronization, ii. 1. Passes his whole Reign in seeing Shows, *thro' Book* ii. And dreaming dreams, *thro' Book* iii. Settle appears to him, iii. 35. Resemblance between him and Settle, iii. 37. and i. 146. Goodman's Prophecy of him, ii. 232. How he translated an Opera, without knowing the Story, 305. and encouraged Farces because it was against his Conscience, 266. Declares he never mounted a Dragon, 268. Apprehensions of acting in a Serpent, 287. What were the Passions of his Old Age, 303, 304. Finally subsides in the lap of Dulness, where he rests to all Eternity, iv. 2c. and Note.
- CIBBER, his Father, i. 31. His two Brothers, 32. His Son, iii. 142. His better Progeny, i. 228.
- Cerberian Forehead, what is meant by it, i. 218.  
 ——— read by some Cerberian, *ibid.* Note.
- COOKE (Tho.) abused by Mr Pope, ii. 138.
- CONCANEN, (Mat.) one of the Authors of the Weekly Journals, ii. 299.  
 ——— declar'd that when this Poem had Blanks, they meant Treason, iii. 297.  
 ——— of opinion that Jüvenal never satiriz'd the Poverty of Codrus, ii. 144.
- Corn cutter's Journal, what it cost, ii. 314.

Critics, verbal ones, must have two Postulata allowed them, ii. 1.

Cat-calls, ii. 231.

CURL, Edm. his Panygeric, ii. 58.

—— His Corrinna, and what she did, 70.

—— His Prayer, 80—Like Eridanus, 182.

—— Much favour'd by Cloacina, 97, &c.

—— Tost in a Blanket and whipped, 151.

—— Pillory'd, ii. 3.

Caroline, a curious Flower, its fate, iv. 409, &c.

## D

DULNESS, the Goddess, her Original and Parents, i. 12. Her ancient Empire, 17. Her Public College, i. 29. Academy for Poetical Education, 33. Her Cardinal Virtues, 45, &c. Her Ideas, Productions, and Creation. 55, &c. Her Survey and Contemplation of her Works, 79, &c. And of her Children, 93. Their uninterrupted Succession, 98, &c. to 108. Her appearance to Cibber, 261. She manifests to him her Works, 273, &c. Anoints him, 287, &c. Institutes Games at his Coronation, ii. 18, &c. The Manner how she makes a Wit, ii. 47. A great Lover of a Joke, 34.—And loves to repeat the same over again, 122. Her ways and means to procure the Pathetic and Terrible in Tragedy, 225, &c. Encourages Chattering and Bawling, 237, &c. And is Patroness of Party-writing and railing, 276, &c. Makes use of the heads of Critics as Scales to weigh the heaviness of Authors, 367. Promotes Slumber with the works of the said Authors, *ibid.* The wonderful Virtue of sleeping in her lap, iii. 5, &c. Her Elysium, 15, &c. The Souls of her Sons dipt in Lethe, 23. How brought into the world, 29. Their Transfiguration and Metempsychosis, 50. The Event and Glories of her Empire, and her Con-

quests throughout the World, iii. 67 to 138. A Catalogue of her Poetical Forces in this Nation, 139 to 212. Prophecy of her Restoration, 333, &c. Accomplishment of it, Book iv. Her Appearance on the Throne, with the Sciences led in triumph, iv. 21, &c. Tragedy and Comedy silenc'd, 37. General Assembly of all her Votaries, 73. Her Patrons, 95. Her Critics, 115. Her Sway in the Schools, 149 to 180. And Universities, 189 to 274. How she educates Gentlemen in their Travels, 293 to 334—Constitutes Virtuosi in Science, 355, &c. Freethinkers in Religion, 459. Slaves and Dependents in Government, 505. Finally turns them to Beasts, but preserves the Form of Men, 525. What sort of Comforters she sends them, 529, &c. What Orders and Degrees she confers on them, 565. What Performances she expects from them, according to their several Ranks and Degrees, 583. The powerful Yawn she breathes on them, 605. &c. Its Progress and Effects, 607, &c. till the Consummation of All, in the total Extinction of the reasonable Soul, and Restoration of Night and Chaos, *usq. ad fin.*

Dispensary of Dr Garth, ii. 140.

De Foe, Daniel, in what resembled to William Prynne, i. 103.

De Foe, Norton, a scandalous Writer, ii. 415.

DENNIS, (John) His Character of himself, i. 106.

— — Senior to Mr Durfey, iii. 173.

— — Esteemed by our Author, and why, *ibid.*

DENNIS, his love of Puns, i. 63.

— — And Politics, i. 106. ii. 413.

— — His great Loyalty to King George, how proved, i. 106.

— — A great Friend to the Stage—and to the State, ii. 413.



- How he proves that none but Nonjurors and disaffected Persons writ against Stage-plays, ii. 413.  
 ———His respect to the Bible and Alcoran, *ibid.*  
 ———His excuse for Obscenity in Plays, iii. 179.  
 ———His mortal fear of Mr Pope founded on Mr Curl's assurances, i. 106.  
 ———Of opinion that he poisoned Curl, *ibid.*  
 ———His reason why Homer was, or was not in debt, ii. 118.  
 ———His Accusations of Sir R. Blackmore,  
 ———As no Protestant, ii. 268.  
 ———As no Poet, *ibid.*  
 ———His wonderful Dedication to G. D. Esq. iii. 179.  
 Drams dangerous to a Poet, iii. 146.  
 Dedicators, ii. 198, &c.  
 Dunciad, how to be correctly spell'd, i. 1.

## E

- EDWARDS (Thomas) iv. 567.  
 —A Gentleman of the last edition.  
 EUSDEN (Laurence) i. 104.  
 —Taxed by Oldmixon with Nonsense, *ibid.*  
 Ears, some People advised how to preserve them, iii. 214.

## F

- FALSHOODS, told of our author in Print.  
 —Of his taking Verses from James Moore, *Test.*  
 —And of his intending to abuse Bishop Burnet, *ibid.*  
 By John Dennis, of his really poisoning Mr Curl, i. 106.  
 —And of contempt for the sacred Writings, ii. 268.

- By Edward Ward, of his being bribed by a Duchess to satirize Ward of Hackney in the pillory, iii. 34.
- By Mist the Journalist, of unfair proceeding in the undertaking of the *Odyfsey* and *Shakespear*, *Test.*
- Disproved by the Testimony of the Lords Harcourt and Bathurst.
- By Mist the Journalist, concerning Mr Addison and him, two or three Lies, *Test.*
- By Pasquin, of his being in a Plot, iii. 179.
- By Sir Richard Blackmore, of his burlesquing Scripture, upon the authority of Curl, ii. 268.
- Fleas and verbal Critics compared, as equal judges of the human frame and wit, iv. 238.
- Fletcher made Cibber's Property, i. 131.
- Mac Fleckno, not so decent and chaste in the Diction as the *Dunciad*, ii. 75.
- Friendship, understood by Mr Dennis to be somewhat else in Nisus and Euryalus, iii. 179.
- French Cooks, iv. 553.
- Furius, Mr Dennis called so by Mr Theobald, i. 106.
- Fleet-ditch, ii. 271. Its Nymphs, 333. Discoveries there, *ibid.*
- Flies not the ultimate Object of human study, iv. 454.
- Falshoods and Flatteries permitted to be inscribed on Churches, i. 45.

## G

- Good Nature of our Author; Instances of it in this work, i. 328. ii. 282.
- Good Sense, Grammar, and Verse, desired to give place for the sake of Mr Bez, Morris and his Works, iii. 168.

GILDON (Charles) abused our author in many things  
*Test.* i. 295.

—Printed against Jesus Christ, i. 296.

GILDON and DENNIS, their unhappy Difference la-  
mented, iii. 173.

Gentleman, his Hymn to his Creator, by Welsted,  
ii. 207.

Gazetteers, the monstrous Price of their Writings, ii.  
314. the miserable fate of their Works, *ibid.*

## H

HANDEL, an excellent musician, banished to Ireland  
by the English nobility, iv. 65.

Heydegger, a strange bird from Switzerland, i. 290.

HORACE, censured by Mr Welsted, *Test.*

—Did not know what he was about when he  
wrote his art of Poetry, *ibid.*

HENLEY (John the Orator) his Tub and Eucharist,  
ii. 2. His History, iii. 199. His Opinion of Or-  
dination and Christian Priesthood, *ibid.* His Me-  
dals, *ibid.*

HAYWOOD (Mrs) What sort of Game for her, ii. 157.  
Won by Curl, 187. Her great respect for him.  
The offspring of her Brain and Body (according to  
Curl) *ibid.* Not undervalued by being set against  
a Jordan, 165.

Hints, extraordinary ones, ii. 268.

HORNECK and ROOME, two Party-Writers, iii. 152.

HUTCHINSON (John) with his man JULIUS, a submi-  
nister of the rites of Dulness, iii. 215.

—never bowed the knee to Sense.

—cuts down the Groves of the Academy, iii. 334.

—defiles the high places of *Geometry*,

— and tramples on the fallen *Dagon* of *Newtonian* Philosophy, iii. 216.

## I

- Index-Learning, the use of it, i. 279.  
 Journals, how dear they cost the nation, ii. 314.  
 Jus Divinum, iv. 188.  
 Impudence, celebrated in Mr Curl, ii. 159. 186.  
 ——— in Mr Norton De Foe, ii. 415.  
 ——— in Mr Henley, iii. 199.  
 ——— in Mr Cibber jun. iii. 139.  
 ——— in Mr Cibber sen. *passim*.

## L

- Lord Mayor's Show, i. 85.  
 Libeller [see EDWARDS Tho.] a Grubstreet Critic run to seed, iv. 1567.  
 Library of Bays, i. 131.  
 Liberty and monarchy, mistaken for one another, iv. 181.  
 Lud (King) ii. 349.  
 Log (King) i. *ver. ult.*  
 Lintot (Bernard) ii. 53.  
 Laureate his Crown, of what composed, i. 303.  
 Lycophron, his dark-lanthorn, by whom turned, iv. 6.

## M

- Madmen, two related to Cibber, i. 32.  
 Magazines, their character, i. 42.  
 Moliere, crucify'd, i. 132.  
 MOORE (James) his Story of six Verses, and of ridiculing Bishop Burnet in the *Memoirs of a Parish-Clerk*, proved false, by the Testimonies of

- The Lord Bolingbroke, *Test.*  
 —Hugh Bethel, Esq; *ibid.*  
 —Earl of Peterborow, *ibid.*  
 —Dr Arbuthnot, *ibid.*  
 —His Plagiarisms, some few of them, *ibid.* and ii. 50.  
 What he was real Author of (beside the Story above mentioned) *Vide List of scurrilous Papers.*  
 —Erasmus, his advice to him, ii. 50.  
 MILBOURNE, a fair Critic, and why, ii. 349.  
 Madness, of what sort Mr Dennis's was, according to Plato, i. 106.  
 ———according to himself, ii. 268.  
 ————how allied to Dulness, iii. 15.  
 Mercuries and Magazines, i. 42.  
 May-pole in the Strand, turned into a Church, ii. 28.  
 MORRIS (Befaleel) ii. 126. iii. 168.  
 Monuments of Poets, with Inscriptions to other Men, iv. 131, &c.  
 Medals, how swallowed and recovered, iv. 375.  
 Microscope of Wit, to be had of Mr John Upton, iv. 233.

## N

- Nodding, described, ii. 391.  
 Needham's, i. 324.  
 N<sup>rs</sup>, where wanted, iv. 244.

## O

- OLDMIXON, (John) abused Mr Addison and Mr Pope, ii. 283. Falsify'd Daniel's History, then accused others of falsifying Lord Clarendon's; proved a Slanderer in it, *ibid.*

- abused Mr Eufden and my Lord Chamberlain, i. 104.
- Odyssey, Falshoods concerning Mr P.'s Proposals for that Work, *Test.*
- Disproved by those very Proposals, *ibid.*
- Owls and Opium. i. 271.
- Oranges, and their use, i. 236.
- Opera her Advancement, iii. 301. iv. 45, &c.
- Opiates, two very considerable ones, ii. 370. Their Efficacy, 390, &c.
- OSBORNE, Bookseller, crown'd with a Jordan, ii. 190.
- OSBORNE, Mother, turned to Stone, 312.
- Owls, desired to answer Mr Ralph, iii. 166.

## P

- Pope (Mr) his Life. Educated by Jesuits---by a Parson---by a Monk---at St Omer's---at Oxford---at home---no where at all, *Test. init.* His father a Merchant, a Husbandman, a Farmer, a Hatter, the Devil, *ibid.*
- His Death threatened by Dr Smedley, *ibid.* but afterwards advised to hang himself, or cut his Throat, *ibid.* To be hunted down like a wild Beast, by Mr Theobald, *ibid.* unless hang'd for Treason, on information of Pasquin, Mr Dennis, Mr Curl, and Concanen, *ibid.*
- Poverty, never to be mentioned in Satire, in the opinion of the Journalists and Hackney Writers.— The Poverty of Codrus, not touched upon by Juvenal, ii. 143. When, and how far Poverty may be satirized, Letter, p. vi. Whenever mentioned by our Author, it is only as an Extenuation and Excuse for bad Writers, ii. 282.
- Personal abuses not to be endured, in the opinion of Mr Dennis, Theobald, Curl, &c. ii. 142.

Personal abuses on our Author, by Mr Dennis, Gildon, &c. *ibid.*— By Mr Theobald, *Test.*— By Mr Ralph, iii. 165.— By Mr Welsted, ii. 207.— By Mr Cooke, ii. 138.— By Mr Concanen, ii. 299. --- By Sir Richard Blackmore, ii. 268. By Edw. Ward, iii. 34. --- and their Brethren, *passim.*

Personal abuses of others. Mr Theobald of Mr Dennis for his Poverty, i. 106. Mr Dennis of Mr Theobald for his livelihood by the Stage, and the Law, i. 286. Mr Dennis of Sir Richard Blackmore for Impiety ii. 268. Dr Smedly of Mr Concanen, ii. 299. Mr Oldmixon's of Mr Eusden, i. 104. Of Mr Addison, ii. 283. Mr Cook's of Mr Eusden, i. 104.

Politics, very useful in Criticism, Mr Dennis's, i. 106. ii. 413.

Pillory, a post of respect, in the opinion of Mr Curl, iii. 34.

----- and of Mr Ward, *ibid.*

Plagiary described, ii. 47, &c.

*Priori*, Argument *a priori* not the best to prove a God, iv. 471.

Poverty and Poetry their Cave, i. 33.

Profaneness, not to be endured in our Author, but very allowable in Shakespear, i. 50.

Party-Writers, their three Qualifications, ii. 276.

Proteus, ( the fable of ) what to be understood by it, i. 31.

Palmers, Pilgrims, iii. 113.

Pindars and Miltons, of the modern sort, iii. 164.

## Q

QUERNO, his Resemblance to Mr Cibber, ii. 15.

Wept for joy, *ibid.* So did Mr C. i. 243.

## R

- Resemblance of the *Hero* to several great authors,  
 To Querno, *ut supra*. To Settle, iii. 37.  
 To Banks and Broome, i. 146.  
 Round-house, ii. *prope fin*.  
 RALPH (James) iii. 165. See Sawney.  
 ROOME and HORNECK, iii. 152.

## S

- Shakespeare, to be spelled always with an *e* at the end, i. 1. but not with an *e* in the middle, *ibid*.  
 An edition of him in Marble, *ibid*. mangled, altered, and cut by the Players and Critics, i. 133.  
 very fore still of Tibbald, *ibid*.  
 Sepulchral Lies on Church-Walls, i. 43.  
 SETTLE, (Elkanah) Mr Dennis's account of him, iii. 37. And Mr Welsted's, *ibid*. Once preferred to Dryden, iii. 37. A Party-writer of Pamphlets, *ibid*. and iii. 283. A writer of Farces and Drolls, and employ'd at last in Bartholomew-Fair, iii. 283.  
 Sawney, a Poem: the Author's great Ignorance in Classical Learning, i. 1.  
 —In Languages, iii. 165.  
 —His Praises on himself above Mr Addison, *ibid*.  
 Swifs of Heaven, who they are, ii. 358.  
 A slipshod Sibyl, iii. 15.  
 Silenus described, iv. 492.  
 Scholiasts, iii. 191. iv. 211, 232.  
 Supperless, a mistake concerning this word set right with respect to Poets and other temperate Students, i. 115.



- Sevenfold Face, who master of it, i. 224.  
 Soul (the vulgar Soul) its office, iv. 441.  
 Schools, their homage paid to Dulness, and in what,  
 iv. 150, &c.

## T

- TIBBALD, not Hero of this Poem, i. *init.* Published an edition of Shakespear, i. 133. Author, secretly, and abettor of Scurrilities against Mr P. *Vide Testimonies*, and *List of Books*.  
 Thule, a very Northern Poem, puts out a Fire, i. 258.  
 Taylors, a good word for them, against Poets and ill Paymasters, ii. 118.  
 Thunder, how to make it by Mr Dennis's Receipt, ii. 226.  
 Travelling described, and its advantages, iv. 293, &c.

## V

- Verbal Critics. Two points always to be granted them, ii. 1.  
 Venice, the City of, for what famous, iv. 308.  
 University, how to pass thro' it, iv. 255, 289.  
 UPTON (John) a Renegado Scholiast, writes notes on the FIRE-SIDE, iv. 237.

## W

- WARD (Edward) a Poet and Ale-house keeper in Moorfields, i. 233. What became of his Works, *ibid.*  
 — His high opinion of his Namesake, and his respect for the Pillory, iii 34.  
 WELSTED (Leonard) one of the Authors of the Weekly Journals, abused our author, &c. many

- years since, ii. 207. Taken by Dennis for a Didapper, *ibid.* The Character of his Poetry, iii. 170.
- Weekly Journals by whom written, ii. 280.
- Whirligigs, iii. 57.
- Wizard, his Cup, and the strange Effects of it, iv. 517, &c.

*The End of the* THIRD VOLUME.















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